Lead Us to Our Leader *The Editors*

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts—December 28, 1974, 50 cents

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Prophets and Losses

What Will They Forecast for 1975?
Milton Gwirtzman

Whose United Nations?—*Charles W. Yost*
Middle East Muddle—*Stanley Karnow*
Walter Lippmann—*Ronald Steel*
An Incredible Year—*TRB*

The Book Scene: Marjorie Perloff, Ivan Sanders, David Littlejohn, Saul Maloff, Doris Grumbach, Margaret Walters & Richard Horwich

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TRB

from Washington
December 28, 1974

An Incredible Year

In 50 years of Washington reporting this has been the most dramatic year I have ever known. Historians will come to it with a sense of disbelief, and for us who saw it unfold at first hand, week by week, hour by hour almost, there was the same incredulity.

That day last August in the White House, for example, when they put into our hands the transcript of the Nixon-Haldeman taped conversation of June 23, 1972; I could read it but I couldn't grasp it. Nixon instructed Haldeman to order the FBI: "Don't go any further into this case period." Why, it amounted to a confession of obstruction of justice. Why, it meant he had been lying all the time. Why, it meant this was the end.

"This was a serious act of omission for which I take full responsibility and which I deeply regret," the statement said. Who was saying that? The President himself.

Events came like that, one after another, faster and faster, stretching through six months—some played in conferences, some in TV before the whole nation, and all centered on one theme, the unmasking, the humiliation, the ruin of the most powerful man on earth.

The year opened with the Arab oil embargo, rising inflation, Vice President Ford on *Meet the Press* attacking critics of the President's refusal to comply with subpoenas, and President Nixon telling Congress that "there will be no recession." Cheers. But all the time the doomed man knew what was in those tapes. Eighteen minutes of them had been expunged but there was damning evidence left, and the investigators were closing in.

As we watched day by day the tension rose. Experts said there had been multiple tape erasures. The subpoena for the other tapes would be pressed in the courts. The House was turning its Judiciary Committee loose with an unknown chairman named Rodino to hold impeachment hearings. Sen. Sam Ervin, that latter-day Founding Father, had held his televised hearings the summer before. It shook the Nixon popularity rating, but always there was the other side, too: Gerald Ford and Minority Leader Hugh Scott announcing that secret data cleared the President: "I know from our conversation," Ford reported, "that the President had no prior knowledge of the Watergate break-in or had any part of the cover-up."

Ziegler told us the President intends to stay. Mr. Nixon told cheering Republicans that he would not walk away from the job to which he had been elected. Who were these men, Rodino, John Doar, Albert Jenner, whose names we heard more and more on car radios as we waited in line for hours to get gasoline before the pumps closed? The grand jury began to dribble out information about political support by ITT and the milk operators and of campaign funds secretly diverted by Bebe Rebozo, and of a $576,000 tax deduction on Nixon's vice presidential papers. Nothing to worry about, said Jerry Ford, just efforts by "a few extreme partisans" and a "relatively small group of political activists" to "crush" the President.

The President took his case to the people, to Chicago, Nashville, Houston. That was a brutal scene at Houston, before the broadcasters' association, where I watched Dan Rather in the public panel ask him to his face how the House could pursue impeachment when you, the person under investigation, are allowed to limit access to potential evidence? I thought the crowd was going to hiss at this harsh question; the old issue of how to treat a President. Nixon, for once, faltered; it was the only time I ever saw him falter.

But don't worry—the President suppley yielded to the inexorable demand of Judge Sirica for documents, and Jerry Ford expressed concern that the staff of Rodino's committee "may be wanting to dictate impeachment proceedings."

The last great counterattack by Nixon, the inveterate gambler, was the astonishing televised address, April 29, when he announced that he was making public 1200 pages of transcripts of his Watergate conversations. Washington reporters stared at one another. Perhaps the old fox could exculpate himself after all; it was too risky for him to try to conceal anything (we said), and there was his statement that the tapes include "all the relevant portions"—except, of course, the profanity. That was when "expletive deleted" appeared. The President told us what was in the tapes; his lawyer told us what was in the tapes; and then we finally got the tapes and read one of the most extraordinary sets of documents in history, the President and his pals devising amoral scenarios on how to persuade, and to fool, the public. It was a shocker for those who believed in the majesty of the White House, Haldeman and Ehrlichman interrupting and contradicting the President and Dean saying, after one cover story on national security, "I think we could get by on that."

The last desperate gamble didn't pay off. Jerry Ford declared that "the new evidence, as well as the old evidence" exonerated Nixon of any impeachable offense and the President himself went to Moscow too in one of those conveniently arranged quickies Kissinger manages so well. But, on July 19, Doar asked directly for impeachment in a devastating bill of particulars, and a week later the Supreme Court unanimously told the cornered President to turn over his last tapes.

Did we, watching the thing, expect Nixon to resign then? I don't know when I reached that conclusion; in there, somewhere, of course. Before voting, the Rodino committee went on the air with its final sessions. For a while there was a little decency, a little dignity in the shameful mess. By nonpartisan votes they voted to impeach on three counts. The destroyed man resigned August 9, flew to California at once where, it would appear, he physically collapsed.

Jerry Ford, good old Jerry Ford, pardoned him September 8. For crimes identified or yet to be revealed, he gave him a "full, free and absolute" pardon, sight unseen. He did this out of compassion, he said. He did it without an admission of guilt from Nixon and he gave Nixon custody of all his papers and tapes (an action since rescinded by Congress). Nixon gulled Ford and made a fool of him. But so what? As Nixon is pardoned the other defendants stand trial or have gone to jail.

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Lead Us To Our Leader

"Who's your favorite candidate?" is a popular parlor game in Washington where politics is a perennial sport, but it's being played elsewhere in the country as well. With the abolition by the Democrats of winner-take-all primaries, and the adoption of proportional representation in selecting national convention delegates from each state, competition for the presidential nomination is open to almost anyone with cash, ambition and followers. He may not seriously believe he can win, but he may believe that by picking up a handful of delegates here and there, he can influence a "brokered" convention. The profusion of Democratic candidates and the protracted length of the primary campaigns have been deplored, but they are not something to fret about. The public may get bored before the game is over, but at least the voters will have had a wide range of choices and, by early '76, some notion of where the competitors stand and why. In turn candidates will have been exposed to varieties of people and problems and will have had tested their endurance, command of issues and ability to organize and persuade.

Describing the presidential job is easier than filling it. Wanted: a native-born citizen who will faithfully execute the laws, who is well informed, who will instruct as well as express the common will, who is compassionate but free of the delusion that federal dollars will cure all miseries, who can negotiate with allies, adversaries and all the in-betweens with a degree of cordiality appropriate to each, who understands how power can be used to strengthen peace.

As of today, the line-up includes Sen. Jackson of Washington, Sen. Bentsen of Texas, ex-Sen. Fred Harris of Oklahoma, ex-governor of North Carolina, Terry Sanford, the governor of Georgia (Jimmy Carter), the governor of Alabama (George Wallace), the representative from Arizona (Morris Udall) and Eugene McCarthy, who defies all classification. In addition the governor of Illinois may have designs, though Mayor Daley of Chicago is an obstacle to their realization: as a result of their squabble Gov. Walker boycotted the recent Kansas City meeting of Democrats. Wisconsin's Gov. Pat Lucey may not mind running, and from time to time one hears of Sens. Frank Church of Idaho, Gaylord Nelson of Wisconsin and Birch Bayh of Indiana.

If Sen. Jackson is nominated by the Democrats, they will risk a split in their ranks comparable to the split in 1968. They will also have

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risked something more damaging. In our opinion it would be as dangerous to entrust the management of foreign affairs to the senator from Washington, as to entrust that management to the joint chiefs of staff. Patriotism and sincerity are not in question; judgment is. The core of Jackson's outlook was formed during World War II and its aftermath; he is inaccessible to the moderating influences of changed times and opportunities. The chieftains of the AFL-CIO like him for that reason, but they are no more reliable guides to the complexities of international affairs than the Pentagon.

For different reasons the Texas businessman, Sen. Bentsen, is handicapped. His voting record in the 93rd Congress alone is enough to disqualify him. On mass transit, diligent congressional supervision of arms sales abroad, limiting aid to Indochina, putting a lid on crude oil prices, busing or tax reform, Bentsen's vote was cast against the public interest—as it was in the preceding 92nd Congress, when Bentsen voted against diverting highway trust funds to mass transportation, against a $68 billion ceiling on defense expenditures, and for delaying an increase in the federal minimum wage to two dollars an hour. A vote on the SALT negotiations found him one of 56 senators who confused a "sufficiency" of US nuclear weapons with an absolute mathematical parity with the Soviet Union.

Fred Harris is more appealing but no more compelling as a leader. Harris has announced that he will "articulate in blunt language the real frustrations people rightly feel because of elitism, privilege, bigness and concentrated power." He will "campaign like people live. Buses, public transportation, coffee in homes, personal contact, staying in people's homes. No campaign jets, limousines, or big staffs." He is against the rich and for the workers and consumers; in brief a populist. It is intoxicating and makes for stem-winding speeches, but it does not make for consensus within a national party or for effective governing of this heterogeneous nation. It must be added that while the folksy style is maverick, the substance of Harris' programs is not radically different from that of several of his rivals: more vigorous economic competition, tax cuts for those at the bottom and tax hikes for those at the top, and public service jobs for the unemployed.

Gov. Jimmy Carter of Georgia is not yet familiar to the general public, but as Democratic campaign chairman this year, he met and greeted large numbers of party workers. He was described in these pages last week as the most charming of the candidates who made the rounds in Kansas City. His sincerity is said to be winning, especially in small groups. Under his administration little has been done in Georgia for blacks who are out of work or about differential wage rates. But this New South governor is no racist. Georgia's black congressman Andrew Young has kind words for him, and the red necks got redder when he hung a portrait of Martin Luther King, Jr. in the state capitol. He has streamlined the structure of state government, introduced prison reform, and created an innovative agency that has bought large tracts of land so that they can be saved from destructive development. Since he is not eligible for reelection, Carter will spend full time campaigning for the presidency, and he will challenge his rivals on their home ground —in Texas, Washington and Alabama, or wherever

It is always a surprise to hear of the "Wallace threat." That the governor of Alabama could be a "spoiler" is undeniable; he was a "spoiler" when he stood on the steps of the state university and defied the equal rights law of the Congress as interpreted by the courts. So if we do not take him seriously as a Democratic candidate, it is not because we underestimate his talent for mischief; it is because by all reports he is physically incapable of handling his present job and could not effectively mount a national campaign. Television by itself can't carry a candidate into the White House.

Morris Udall of Arizona is the most interesting of the "new faces." His voting record in the House is on the whole admirable. So far as we know he is the agent of no faction within the Democratic party and no special economic interest in the country—not oil or the banks or the defense industries or big agriculture or big labor. He is thoughtful. He writes his own speeches, which sets him apart. He has presence. He is a champion of the environment and of the husbanding of natural resources. He understood the futility of our military involvement in Indochina before most of his colleagues swung around to that view. He seems to us to have the makings of a President, but is still to be tested, as are most of the others, though not all: the seeming fadeaway of old-timers such as Sen. Muskie and Sen. Humphrey is as deceptive as the disappearance of the Cheshire cat.

Why, this early, do we write of the Democratic presidential race? Because the presidency in this decade has been debased first by an arrogant and imperial abuse of authority, and more recently by Mr. Ford's mushy leadership. The Great Society went smash in Indochina; its reformation as the Good Society is the principal business of the day, and though the new Congress may make a start on that reformation it will not get far unless there's a change in the Executive. For whatever the flaws of its occupants, the White House is still the command post of politics, the "bully pulpit" Theodore Roosevelt called it, and the most important office in the world.

COMING: a sanguine view of America's future by Gerald W. Johnson

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Walter Lippmann

1889-1974

As a small boy in the 1890s, Walter Lippmann shook hands with President Taft, was formally presented to Admiral Dewey and rapturously cheered Theodore Roosevelt on his return from San Juan Hill. He studied at Harvard with Santayana, took tea with William James, worked as a leg-man for Lincoln Steffens, debated socialism with Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells, was in Belgium when the Germans invaded and at the House of Commons when Britain declared war in 1914. For a time he worshipped Theodore Roosevelt and was among the faithful who "stood at Armageddon and battled for the Lord." He was one of the founders of *The New Republic* and one of the "movers and shakers" who sounded the trumpet for a cultural and social revolution in America during those halcyon days before World War I. He became the *eminence grise* to Woodrow Wilson's own alter ego, Colonel House, and was one of the key members of the study that produced the Fourteen Points.

Enthusiastically supporting the war to make the world "safe for democracy," he bitterly denounced the peace that within a generation spawned an even more terrible conflict. He became editor of New York's leading liberal newspaper, Pulitzer's *World*. There he denounced injustice, ridiculed stupidity and hounded the betrayers of the public trust. High in a tower above Park Row, protected from clanging telephones and clamorous reporters by a shield of secretaries, for more than nine years he penned the biting editorials that first made him a national figure.

None of these editorials were signed and few are remembered today. Yet for the devoted readers of the *World*, they needed no signature, for they bore their own special stamp. Today, when few writers would even pen a photo caption without putting their name to it, it seems remarkable that a man of his abilities would write anonymously. Yet he gloried in it. "I liked being editor of the *World* more than anything I've ever done," he told me last year during one of our conversations. "Above all, what I liked was the anonymity. It allows a freedom impossible in a signed column."

When he travelled, as he did a part of every year, he conferred with heads of state, who eagerly sought the privilege of being interviewed. Eschewing scoops and scorning planted "leaks," which he thought unworthy of a serious commentator, he ruminated on the meaning of events in a column that was required reading in every chancery and foreign office.

For nearly 40 years his column appeared in the leading newspapers of the country and throughout the world. When he went into semi-retirement in 1967 it was as though an institution had suddenly ceased to exist. Three generations had been led through the maze of political affairs by Walter Lippmann. He was not always right and he was not universally popular. His rare gaffes—such as his early dismissal of FDR as a well-meaning playboy—were memorable. His occasional enmities—such as his bitter feud with Lyndon Johnson over the Vietnam war—were monumental.

But for the most part his column represented the voice of reason in a world torn by aimless turbulence. One turned to Lippmann not for solutions, but for dispassionate analysis. He had a marvelous ability for simplifying the complex. His extraordinary success was due to two qualities: a mind that could plunge through the miasma of contention to grasp the essence of a situation, and a superbly lucid literary style. He had an intellect of a sort that is rarely attracted to journalism. He could have been a philosopher, a professor of history or even, as he once wistfully reflected, a mathematician. At college he had been Santayana's assistant, and his classmate John Reed had hailed him as a future President of the United States.

But Lippmann fled the cloistered world of academia. Just a few weeks before he would have received a master's degree in philosophy he left Harvard to work on a new socialist newspaper in Boston. Nor was he ever seriously tempted by government work after his painful experience with politicians during World War I. Why did he flee academia? Perhaps because he feared such a career would insulate him from the "real" world that he yearned to join, yet which he always viewed through the plate-glass window of his detached intellect. A political life, particularly if it involved running for office, was out of the question for a man who so distrusted emotionalism and so detested insincerity. No one ever asked him to take the one job for which he seemed such an obvious candidate: Secretary of State; and no other job in government, perhaps not even that one, seriously interested him. So he chose a career

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that combined involvement and detachment in a mixture that was peculiarly his own. He once described himself as a man who led two lives, one of books and one of newspapers. It was the combination that made him unique and gave him his unparalleled voice of authority.

There was one other factor as well. His integrity. He could not be bought by the British diplomat who tried to bribe him to write pro-Entente editorials during World War I, nor by newspaper publishers, nor by the most insidious corrupters of all: high government officials who woo influential members of the press with "inside" information. Lippmann was proud of being a journalist. He took younger colleagues under his wing. He listened to what they had to say rather than pontificating at them. The only advice he ever gave them was of the dangers of "cronyism,"—of getting so close to a politician that a journalist would lose his objectivity.

It had happened to him. He got too close to Wilson, and was so badly burned that he kept his distance from the following six Presidents. For a moment he was captivated by Kennedy and later fell under the spell of Lyndon Johnson's beguiling ways, until the spell was brutally shattered by the Vietnam war.

From the beginning—long before it was fashionable in intellectual circles—he was opposed to the war in Vietnam. He spoke out in opposition in 1950 when Acheson sent military aid to France for use against the Indochinese rebels, in 1954 when Sen. Nixon and Adm. Radford were urging American nuclear intervention to save the garrison at Dien Bien Phu, in 1963 when Kennedy started slipping into the Vietnam morass with "advisers," and incessantly, even obsessively, from 1965 on when Lyndon Johnson unleashed the air war against North Vietnam and sent an American army to Indochina.

The last few years marked a strange capstone to Lippmann's work. Instead of bowing out gracefully as the elder statesman of American journalism, he became involved in the most vituperative fight of his career. Outraged by the destructiveness and the stupidity of the war that Johnson was unleashing in Vietnam, he turned bitterly against the administration—one whose highest echelons were staffed by those who admired and flattered him. He became emotionally involved in the war, and in the struggle over the war that was dividing America into warring camps. Even after his retirement in 1967 he continued to denounce the war in the columns he wrote for *Newsweek*.

The man who preached detachment, who had written that the world will go on best "if among us there are men who have stood apart, who refused to be anxious or too much concerned, who were cool and inquiring, and had their eyes on a longer future," was no longer able to stand apart. Nearly 80, Walter Lippmann regained the fervor of his youth when, in his first book, he impetuously declared the obsolescence of all tradition and authority. He turned his back on the conservatism he espoused during the 1930s and on the intellectual detachment with which he viewed the follies of the 1950s. The war against Vietnam had rekindled his sense of outrage and lent a note of passion to his denunciations of Presidents who had promised peace and pursued an obsessive war. It was his finest hour.

Walter Lippmann asked the questions for which other people were convinced they had the answers. Throughout his long life he engaged in an unending search, one that led him to socialism, to political activism, to stoical detachment, to economic conservatism, to Cold War skepticism, to social liberalism and finally to emotional revulsion against imperial aggrandizement. He always wanted his country to pursue its own high ideals and never tired of reminding his readers that the path was arduous and the goal elusive.

He did not preach. It was not his temperament, and he knew, as he once wrote, that if the moralist "is to deserve a hearing among his fellows, he must set himself this task which is so much humbler than to command and so much more difficult than to exort: he must seek to anticipate and to supplement the insight of his fellow men into the problems of their adjustment to reality."

Because he helped elucidate the obscure, because he stood for principle in a climate of expediency, because he reminded us that there are values that transcended momentary obsessions, because he believed in the light of reason and the ability of man to master his own weakness, because he was a humanist whose life exemplified the stoicism he raised, we shall all be poorer for living in a world where the voice of Walter Lippmann is stilled.

Ronald Steel

Walter Lippmann died in New York City on December 14. He was 85. Ronald Steel is completing his biography of Lippmann, which will be published by Atlantic/Little, Brown.

A Time of Opportunity

"It is a cruel and bitter time for those who are the present victims of disorder. But for the young and for those who are free in spirit it is a time of liberation and of opportunity. For them there remains, come what may, their own energy, and the richness of the earth, the heritage of invention and skill and the corpus of human wisdom. They need no more. Their paths will be more open, and what in one light is a vast breakdown of hopes is in another light the clearing away of debts and rigidities and pre-emptions that would choke them on their way."—*Walter Lippmann, July 22, 1932*

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What I Meant Was . . .

Only a tapeworm could swallow the latest Watergate cover-up trial records without indigestion. They show that sometime before Haldeman and Ehrlichman resigned their White House positions, they and Mr. Nixon began to design a second Watergate cover-up story, with the aim of keeping the President in office and his two aides out of jail.

By April 14, 1973 John Dean and former Nixon campaign aide Jeb Stuart Magruder had spilled the beans to the Watergate prosecutors. Thereafter, according to White House tapes from April 19 through April 26, 1973, plans to have Magruder, then Dean and later John Mitchell take the blame were drawn up, discussed and discarded in the White House.

When the former President, Ehrlichman and Haldeman got together on the morning of April 25, 1973, Ehrlichman began, "I don't know if you feel you can do this, but the three of us know one another well enough . . . that we have your very candid assessment of the threat to you. Obviously neither one of us wants to do anything to harm you in any way. . . ." Dean was the threat, Dean and what he and Mr. Nixon had discussed about the Watergate affair "in those 10 to 12 hours you and he spent there in the months of February and March [1973]." Noting that Dean was "dredging up corroborating evidence," Ehrlichman said: "you . . . listen to your tapes and see what actually was said then, or maybe for Bob [Haldeman] to do it . . . You better damn sure know . . . what your hole card is."

Haldeman that day listened to the first part of that Nixon-Dean March 21 "cancer on the Presidency" dialogue and when he recounted the conversation to the President, Mr. Nixon himself picked out key damaging phrases: "I said a million dollars. With a million dollars (unintelligible) clemency. You couldn't do it till after the '74 elections. That's an incriminating thing. His, his word against the President's."

Haldeman's response became the President's defense: "at this point, you're investigating," and a few moments later: "you're smoking him out." Haldeman then reminded Mr. Nixon he *had* said, "Yes, and it would be—then it's wrong," in reference to presidential clemency in 1974 for the Watergate defendants. "That's not bad," Mr. Nixon remarked. Some 10 minutes later, in reconstructing the good and bad on the tape, the former President said: "we discussed the money situtation, raising the money (unintelligible). I said, 'That's wrong,' didn't I? Oh, wrong on clemency." "No," Haldeman replied, "you said getting the money was wrong," although Haldeman's own notes indicated otherwise.

How closely did Haldeman examine Mr. Nixon's vulnerabilities back then in April 1973? Very closely according to his own report. "In the log," Haldeman explained to the former President, "when the four of us met in here [the EOB office on March 22], with you, Dean and Mitchell were in for five minutes longer than Ehrlichman and I were." "Yeah," Mr. Nixon responded, "that was when we discussed (unintelligible)." But the White House version of that March 22 tape transcript omitted the five minutes Haldeman referred to. Only when the House Judiciary Committee version was published did it come out that in those five minutes Mr. Nixon told Mitchell to "stonewall . . . plead the fifth amendment" in order to save the cover-up from coming apart.

Trade and Aid

The foreign aid bill, which Congress passed the other day, would probably have been defeated had not a handful of Democrats and Republicans wilted under administration pressure. As it happened, the bill to provide $2.67 billion for America's far-flung clients barely edged through the Senate by a vote of 46 to 45, and it won approval in the House by a similarly slim margin. The votes partly reflected a growing congressional desire to put its stamp on foreign policy, as evidenced by the ceiling imposed on assistance to Cambodia and by the initial refusal by the House to ease the ban on military shipments to Turkey. Legislative coolness toward foreign aid also suggests that the US, after spending close to $170 billion abroad since 1945, is, largely as a result of our domestic economic problems, drifting closer toward the view that charity begins at home.

The Senate, to its credit, took an important step by amending the bill so as to give Congress 30 days in which to veto the sales of weapons to foreign countries. If the legislature does its job properly, this portends a more careful scrutiny of the global race to accumulate conventional arms, a race that has lately been hurtling along at a frightening speed. On the other hand, the Senate bungled in failing to shift military assistance to South Vietnam from the Pentagon budget to the foreign aid bill. This means that the Saigon regime will continue to receive large-scale help, at least for another year. Guided by Hubert Humphrey, who was acting at the behest of the State Department, the Senate also supported an amendment designed to extend military aid to the Turks, even though they violated the law by using US equipment in their invasion of Cyprus last summer. The House at first rejected that position, but later went along with the Senate after Secretary of State Kissinger disclosed that the Turks were prepared to make concessions on the Cyprus issue. The House, which now seems to be more sensitive than the Senate to the diminishing returns of aid to warlords, also took the lead in curbing funds for Cambodia and South Korea.

Congress has a long way to go in assessing the use of food as a political weapon in US overseas programs,

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some officials are pressing for shipments of American grain to starving nations like India and Bangladesh, but the administration is more partial to food for Cambodia, South Vietnam, Chile and other countries where purportedly humanitarian assistance serves to bolster political regimes especially congenial to the administration. This is the viewpoint expressed by Denny Ellerman, a member of the National Security Council staff: "To give food aid to countries just because people are starving is a pretty weak reason." Sens. Edward Kennedy and Hubert Humphrey have tried to change this attitude, but their efforts have so far failed.

Meanwhile the Senate finally passed the trade bill and its crucial amendment, introduced by Sen. Henry Jackson, requiring the administration to show that the USSR is liberalizing its emigration policies. Leonid Brezhnev, who is reported to be seriously ill, evidently wanted tariff reductions and credit concessions badly enough to agree to easier Jewish emigration. Jackson, who is running for President, may have jeopardized that understanding by publicizing his success in forcing the measure through Congress. Last week, after the bill passed, Moscow denied it had given any specific assurances, asserting further that the US had no right to interfere in its "internal affairs."

Offshore Drilling

The Interior Department has launched an energy supply program that's stirring up bad feelings between federal and state officials and threatening to provoke a generation of new environmental lawsuits. Because solar power, nuclear power, shale and coal now seem to have less potential than anticipated, Interior has decided that the best cure for the nation's energy cramps is a quick injection of oil. Oil is the essential lubricant of our economy and the only fuel that holds out even a remote chance of reducing US dependence on the OPEC cartel without painful changes in our way of living. But there's a problem. The only place where large pools of untapped oil may still be found is on the outer continental shelf, under the seabed. There's oil in Alaska, but Alaska is ice-locked in winter and expensive to reach by pipeline. Oil from the bottom of the Pacific and Atlantic along the east and west coasts is more accessible. The technology used in undersea drilling is expensive, complex and difficult to maintain, however, and when it breaks down it does more damage to the environment than accidents on land. Therefore the risks are quite large, but the Interior Department has decided that the benefits are larger. It has taken a bookkeeper's ledger, added up the hypothetical value of the undiscovered oil, and found it to be greater than the economic damage that might be done by offshore drilling.

Although no one is certain there is any oil under the proposed drilling sites and despite a confessed ignorance about the hazards posed to marine life, the department is forging ahead. For almost a year Interior Secretary Rogers Morton has pushed to have the government lease in 1975, 10 million acres of offshore property to oil companies. That's about as much as has been handed out in the entire 20-year history of outer continental shelf leasing. Most people outside Interior regard it as a ludicrous goal, a sort of bluff bargaining position. Three million acres is considered a realistic goal for 1975. Some say even this is too high.

Environmentalists have been angered by the Interior Department's brisk, headstrong pursuit of the 10-million-acre objective. The Environmental Policy Center and the Sierra Club are among those campaigning against it—not so much to stop the drilling as to make sure that it's done in an orderly way. They intend to see that in its frenzy to find more oil the government gives a thought to what the people living on the coasts want for themselves. They will also keep a close watch on certain estuarine plants and animals that can't vote but can make trouble by dying.

Curiously, the environmentalists haven't caused the most delays; state governments have. Coastal states with few or no wells offshore are now being asked to shelter this high-risk industry and to educate, feed and protect the new families it will bring to oil boomtowns. A study done for Louisiana showed that in 1972 the state incurred a net *loss* of $38 million after the cost of providing services for families and companies dependent on offshore drilling was subtracted from state revenues brought in by the industry. A similar study done for Texas this fall projected an annual net loss for outer continental shelf drilling of $62 million. States don't regard offshore oil as a blessing, and most are willing to do without it unless they can control its development. All but two governors of coastal states are wary of the offshore program. Meldrim Thomson, the staunch conservative of New Hampshire, and Edwin Edwards of Louisiana are the exceptions. Edwards believes that his state, servicing 90 percent of all offshore wells in the country, shouldn't have to suffer alone. Although the Interior Department has authority to lease minerals more than three miles from a state's coast, states control the land and the harbors short of the three-mile line where pipelines and tankers come to shore. The federal government must have the states' cooperation, and so far it hasn't won many friends.

John Hussey, director of the Senate's National Ocean Policy Study, says the states have been treated "like a bunch of flies": they get in the way and the Interior Department swats at them. As Hussey views it, the department's neglect of local interests has produced

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a backlash. California, for example, is drafting a "solid case" against Interior, to be filed if the department tries to ram through a lease sale before Californians are ready. At the moment the California sale, one of the first in the 10-million-acre plan, is scheduled for sometime next summer, and the state is hurriedly working to complete a coastal zone management plan. Oil companies are not the only ones who claim they need a slice of California's coastline, and careful planning is needed to prevent a mad scramble in which the best property goes to the highest bidder. If California were to allow the oil companies to put tanks, pipelines and refineries wherever they please, in a short time it might have a Gary-on-the-Pacific.

In an attempt to educate state officials about the need for offshore drilling, the Interior Department organized a special dinner and briefing in November and invited the coastal state governors and governors-elect to attend. Those who came (and it wasn't a stunning turnout) were treated to a first-class performance, with speeches by President Ford, Henry Kissinger and Secretary Morton. However many of the governors left more confused and apprehensive than they had been, according to Hussey. Secretary Morton avoided mention of the dread 10-million-acre plan, but spoke instead of the department's less grandiose program for six offshore lease sales in 1975. This hardly reassured anyone, for as the governors know by now, if they didn't know then, the 10 million acres had been scheduled from the start for disposal in six sales. Regardless of whether high or low numbers are used, the governors see a looming menace. A small incident at the meeting brought the tension into the open. The newly elected governor of Maine, Independent James Longley, stood up at the wrong moment to ask a question about the states' role in planning for offshore drilling. Morton told him to sit down and wait until the question period came. At that, Longley turned on his heels and left the room.

Environmentalists and coastal planners foresee a protracted pointless and bitter struggle unless they are allowed to participate in the very first stages of the offshore program. States don't want to be left to clean up the ugly consequences of decisions made in Washington. They know that once the tracts are let, oil will quickly make its way to the nearby shore, whether the people who live there are ready or not. They want a voice in deciding what will be leased, and when. They hope to take advantage of the Coastal Zone Management Act (1972), which requires federal agencies to comply with state coastal plans. But the states haven't finished writing their plans yet, and as a result, 1975 is being viewed as the last open season on federal leases. This may be another reason why the Interior Department wants to hurry up, and the states want to wait.

Eliot Marshall

White House Watch

Ruffles and Shuffles

President Ford's staff chief and coordinator, former congressman and Nixon assistant and NATO Ambassador Donald Rumsfeld, said after he returned to the White House in October that his first task would be to make sure that "the organizational arrangements" there were such that Mr. Ford "finds them useful and is comfortable with them." Rumsfeld's organizational rearrangements won't in themselves be very meaningful to most people. But the changes tell something about the kind of presidency that Gerald Ford wants to conduct and for that reason a few of them are worth reporting and explaining in some detail.

The President discouraged others from calling Rumsfeld "chief of staff" when he took on the job, the thought being that the term was too reminiscent of the bad old Nixon days when H. R. Haldeman and General Alexander Haig were known by it and had all the power that it implied. Rumsfeld no longer quibbles at it, knowing full well that he is in fact the chief of staff and that any President in these times has to have one. He oversees—he prefers to say, coordinates—the entire White House operation. He and his nearest assistant, Richard Cheney, supervise the President's schedule and, without exercising the absolute control over it that Mr. Nixon required his administrators to maintain, pretty well determine who sees Mr. Ford.

Like Haldeman and Haig before him, Rumsfeld concerns himself very closely with the personnel process both at the White House and throughout the federal government. A recent and little noted change in the name of the sizable office that manages the hiring and firing of senior personnel symbolizes Rumsfeld's interest and the range of his authority over it. Under Fred Malek and his first successors, it was the White House Personnel Office. Under William Walker, a lawyer who worked for Rumsfeld at the Office of Economic Opportunity and the Cost of Living Council and later was general counsel of the Federal Energy Office, it's the *Presidential* Personnel Office. The office always was concerned with the 1240 executive level and noncareer, upper-grade positions that are filled by presidential appointment in the government at large, not merely at the White House, and the new name indicates its sweep and power.

Walker emphasizes the fact that he's a lawyer, not a professional personnel specialist, and the word put out to his staff of some 35 people, including about 20 professional assistants, is that President Ford wants appointees with substantive abilities and substantive interest in issues rather than the management-consultant types that are alleged (with some exaggeration) to have been favored in the Nixon period. At the moment two of Walker's assistants are assigned full

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time to interviewing defeated Republican candidates for Congress and finding out whether they want federal jobs and, if so, what if anything they are qualified to do. Rumsfeld took the blame, though it really belonged fundamentally to Mr. Ford and immediately to Walker, for an appointment snafu that caused important changes in the recruiting system. This was the President's personal firing of John C. Sawhill as director of the new Federal Energy Administration and the hasty appointment of Andrew Gibson, a former assistant secretary of Commerce and president of an oil tanker company, to replace Sawhill. The remarkably generous severance arrangement that Gibson got from his oil company became known to the President and Rumsfeld only after the appointment was announced, though one of Walker's assistants was said to have known about it and paid it no heed. The appointment was cancelled, Rumsfeld insisted that all subsequent prospects for appointment be subjected to complete field and other background checks before their hiring was confirmed and announced, and the whole process has been greatly slowed in consequence. The affair was especially embarrassing to Mr. Ford because of a change in the senior recruitment process that he had instituted. President Nixon let Haldeman and then Haig "sign off"—that is, finally approve—all but the highest and most critical appointments. Rumsfeld reviews prospective selections at least twice. But Mr. Ford "signs off' on all of the final choices and discusses them, however briefly, with Walker and Rumsfeld.

One of several counsellors with Cabinet status, former Congressman John Marsh of Virginia, has oversight responsibilities in the revised Rumsfeld setup that suggest that he may be in line for Rumsfeld's job when and if that ambitious gentleman, a politician from Illinois who is known to yearn for a return to elective office, moves on to something more promising than a White House slot. Marsh, a stolid and respected man who is thought by some of his senior associates to be among the ablest Ford assistants, has been assigned supervisory responsibility for the preparation of legislation and for lobbying it through Congress. He also oversees an operation called Public Liaison, run immediately by assistant-to-the-President William Baroody and charged with educating influential segments of society—labor, management, farmers, educators, "women" (you name it)—in the policies and purposes of the Ford administration. It's an adaptation, polished and presumably cleaned up, of the notorious Nixon operation invented by Charles Colson. Marsh's assignments also include communication, what little there is of it, with former President Nixon and his diminishing staff in San Clemente; preparatory liaison with Vice President-designate Nelson Rockefeller; and oversight of the national Bicentennial Commission and its activities, a celebratory exercise that Marsh helped initiate when he was in Congress.

Two long-time friends of the President from his home city of Grand Rapids are confirmed in senior staff responsibilities. William Seidman, a certified public accountant and lawyer and sometime Federal Reserve bank chairman in Detroit who doesn't claim to be a professional economist but does assert for himself a basic competence in practical economics, continues to be *the* assistant for economic affairs. Philip Buchen, Mr. Ford's first law partner and a leader of the Michigan bar, is reaffirmed in his position as the senior of three counsels to the President. The junior and youngest of the three is William Casselman II, formerly general counsel to Vice President Ford. The most distinguished of the trio, Phillip Areeda, will soon be leaving the White House and presumably returning to the Harvard law faculty unless he gets an appointment that he considers to be in keeping with his professional stature.

The senior staff relationship that interests journalists more than any other is that between Rumsfeld and counsellor Robert Hartmann. The best to be said for it is that it's considerably less cold than the relationship between Hartmann and General Haig was. Hartmann, a former reporter and for many years chief assistant to Congressman and Vice President Ford, planted some nasty gossip against Haig, notably in the Evans-Novak newspaper column. Items glorifying Hartmann and obviously aimed at Rumsfeld continue to appear occasionally in Evans-Novak, generally to the effect that the President is letting Rumsfeld isolate him from old friends including Hartmann. The word from Hartmann's vicinity is that other friends are planting the recent items. Hartmann is said to long for the old days when he spent hours jawing with Gerald Ford and to recognize that it has to be different now. He cannot enjoy seeing on the President's private schedule, which is prepared under Rumsfeld's supervision, an item that usually reads: "9 a.m.—Hartmann—15 minutes." In the revised or Rumsfeld dispensation, Hartmann is allotted overall responsibility for the drafting of presidential speeches and statements—something he is extremely good at—and for political relationships other than those with Congress.

Much could be said in this piece and will be said in a later one about the President's image operation. The Baroody-Marsh "public liaison" function previously mentioned is part of it. The rest of it is immediately under Press Secretary Ron Nessen, who has had and taken his lumps and seems at the moment to be settling into what appeared at first to be a job that was beyond him. One central point must suffice here. Don't believe that stuff you read in some places about good ol' plain-shoe Jerry Ford who doesn't care about his image. He cares a lot and his image machine is at least as elaborate as Richard Nixon's was.

John Osborne

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New Hampshire Seesaw

Manchester, NH

The closest race since United States senators have been elected by direct popular vote has become the most legally complex. On November 8 veteran House Republican Louis C. Wyman was officially declared to be the new senator from New Hampshire, by 355 votes. A recount by the Secretary of State gave the election to Democrat John A. Durkin, former state insurance commissioner, by 10 votes. And on November 27 Durkin's certificate of election was filed with the US Senate by the governor and his executive council, a "duplicate original" going to Durkin.

Durkin is an abrasive and tenacious consumer advocate; this was his first try for major elective office. Wyman is a smooth, handsome conservative, who, along with just about everyone in the state but Durkin, had been certain of victory. On election night, confident that he had won, Wyman said that after all he had done for the voters "I should find it very hard to forget the fact that Portsmouth very, very substantially voted against Wyman. It almost amounts to the fact that they don't care about their future."

The recount had proceeded on 32,000 challenged ballots or those thrown out by one or both sides. Ballots were brought in open paper bags, in unsealed boxes and in boxes sealed with masking tape. No one alleges fraud, but human error and incompetence were found in virtually every precinct.

Wyman appealed the recount to a three-member state Ballot Law Commission and asked that some ballots be reconsidered. This set off a chain of counter suits that now includes active and unsettled motions and petitions before five tribunals: the Ballot Law Commission, the governor and executive council, Hillsborough County superior court, the New Hampshire Supreme Court and the US district court for the district of New Hampshire. An appeal directly to the US Supreme Court is expected soon.

The Ballot Law Commission agreed to review the recount on December 4, whereupon Durkin's attorney, Joseph Millimet of Manchester, challenged the BLC's jurisdiction in a federal district court petition. He contends that only the US Senate has the authority to determine who will be seated. Millimet also said the tabulation is complete and that the BLC is attempting to conduct an unconstitutional "re-recount."

In a parallel action December 4, Millimet asked Federal District Court Judge Hugh Bownes to enjoin Attorney General Warren Rudman and Wyman's chief counsel from seeking to have Durkin's certificate of election rescinded by Republican Gov. Meldrim Thomson and his all-GOP five-man executive council. Rudman is a BLC member and has called Durkin's certificate "very provisional," although no reservations or conditions are stated on it.

On December 5 Judge Bownes ruled that the BLC *could* continue its review of the recount. (A three-judge federal court affirmed that ruling last week.) He barred the governor from rescinding Durkin's certification. However the governor and the executive council met in emergency session and rescinded Durkin's certification before Judge Bownes' ruling could be served! Attorney Millimet immediately asked Judge Bownes to rule that the actions of the governor and council along with BLC activities are proof positive that the GOP-dominated state bureaucracy seeks to deprive Durkin of the Senate seat.

On December 9 it was learned that paper roll ballots, including write-ins, from Portsmouth voting machines were burned after the recount. This and the possibility that some voting machines in Manchester may have malfunctioned led Wyman forces to ask in the state Supreme Court on December 13 that the BLC count all write-in votes. And they asked the Hillsborough County superior court to declare the election invalid, so that the governor and council may call a new election. Durkin contends the state constitution says a new election can be held only in the event of a tie.

Attorney General Rudman's multiple role is not the only seeming conflict of interest. Examples: the youngest superior court judge in the history of the state, 32-year-old Charles Douglas III, was Gov. Thomson's 1974 legislative legal counsel. He was appointed to the bench by Thomson November 7, two days after the election. Douglas sits in the superior court case. BLC member Roger Crowley, a crime commission appointee of Thomson, had resigned his BLC post, pleading an upcoming operation for phlebitis. A successor had been appointed. Upon Wyman's appeal Crowley put himself off the sick list and back on the BLC. Durkin's camp cried foul. Meanwhile the BLC keeps a bewildered public entranced by the release of daily box scores: Durkin ahead by one vote! Wyman picks up 4! Wyman lead cut to two! Tied again! Despite court challenges, many people believe that a definitive recount continues.

Wyman forces hope to show that there are sufficient irregularities in ballot tabulation to exceed the margin of Durkin's victory so that the election will be declared invalid and a new one called. The danger for Wyman and his lawyers is that their strategy contributes to what they themselves say is Durkin's best strategy—a delay until the US Senate sits. The danger for Durkin is that some judge will throw up his hands and allow the governor to call a new election. The Senate may simply declare a winner. Or it may jump into the thicket and decide to conduct its own investigation. That could take months, even years.

Kathy Starbuck

Ms. Starbuck *is political editor of* The Milford Cabinet *and* Wilton Journal.

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What Will They Forecast for 1975?

Prophets and Losses

by Milton Gwirtzman

One memorable episode in a popular radio show of the 1940s, "I Love A Mystery," concerned a mean old man who spent his life playing the stock market. As he bent over his charts day after day, he thought of what a killing he could make if he could only see tomorrow afternoon's newspaper today. Through some occult twist, his wish was granted. Greedily he worked through the night copying the final stock quotations. Then he turned to the obituary page and saw, to his horror, the notice of his own death. His servant found him in the morning.

I was reminded of this episode several weeks ago by a full page advertisement in *The New York Times* for *Barron's*, the financial weekly published by Dow-Jones, Inc. "Help Us Bid A Fond Farewell to 1974," it said, and it was illustrated by a man being chased by a bear. The ad's purpose was to sell space in *Barron's* special year-end issue. "Interest runs unusually high in *Barron's* last issue of the year," it said, "for our readers know that this is the issue when *Barron's* editorial staff and a panel of financial authorities peer into the future year. And since *Barron's* readers habitually focus their attention on *Barron's* future-oriented editorial, this issue really draws a crowd."

While economic journals are not the only ones that cater to the public's itch to know the future (the late Drew Pearson used to say his political predictions were "90 percent accurate 40 percent of the time"), they are by far the most detailed and quantified. Seat-of-the-pants economic forecasting has been replaced by so-called "econometric models." These are computers that store the nation's economic behavior. When fed certain trends and assumptions about the economy and fiscal and monetary policy, they disgorge precise statistical estimates on next year's inflation rate, unemployment and other economic indicators.

To help evaluate the predictions being made for 1975, it is instructive to see what was being said about 1974. It will be remembered as the year the cost of food and fuel skyrocketed, inflation hit double digits, credit dried up, the stock market dropped 300 points and, in the last months, a severe recession took hold. At first the troubles were blamed on the paralysis of the national government while the fate of President Nixon remained uncertain. In mid-summer that doubt was eliminated and the economy really went to hell.

How did this compare with what the nation's leading economic journals said would happen? To begin I consulted *Barron's* year-end issue. The consensus of the eight "experts from the world of finance" who made up its panel was that 1974 would be "subdued—but bullish." One of them, Walter Mintz, a partner in an investment management firm, talked of a "reasonable chance that the rate of inflation will be substantially less in six to nine months than it is now." Another, brokerage firm president Ken Smilen, said "we now have very constructive forces at work and a very favorable investment climate for major sectors of the economy." This was in line with the conclusion of *Barron's* own editorial of the previous week, entitled "Could Be A New Bull Market."

I then turned to the January 4 issue of *Kiplinger's* Washington letter, the most successful of the dozens of economic tipsheets that originate in the Capital. 1974 would be "a year of basic strengths in the economy, sound enough to avoid serious trouble. And GAINING strength on the way. . . . It won't be a spectacular year . . . but we believe a recession or a serious slump will not materialize."

Kiplinger predicted a maximum inflation of eight percent (it has been more like 12 percent) and an "easing off" of interest rates from the then current level of nine percent (they climbed to 12 percent). These statements were hedged by a warning that business prospects would depend heavily on the public mood. "Lack of confidence in government is a disturbing factor now," Kiplinger warned. But, taking a deep breath, he forecast that prospects for impeachment were slim." "Might Nixon resign? We doubt it, from what we know about him and his willingness to fight. The House inquiry won't faze him much. We believe he will stay in office . . . that a tidal wave against him is improbable."

Fortune magazine's issue of January 1974 was even more reassuring: "Despite the oil crisis, and despite worries about a severe recession, economic growth over the next 18 months as a whole will about match that of the past 18." By spring, *Fortune* said, the economy would begin to expand. The 1974 rise in the real gross national product, adjusted for inflation, would be 2.4 percent (it declined over three percent). New

MILTON S. GWIRTZMAN *is a Washington, DC attorney and author who has written several critiques of American journalism.*

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starts in the housing industry would soon climb back to a healthy annual rate of two million (they are down to 900,000). "The inflationary pace," *Fortune* predicted, would "drop off sharply," and lower prices paid to farmers would "retard food prices from rising much." As for fuel, the other wild card in the inflation deck, *Fortune* saw only a slight increase in the price of crude oil—from the then-current six dollars a barrel to "upwards of $7.00." Unfortunately the oil producing countries jacked up the price of crude to $11.00, with this issue of *Fortune* still on the newsstands.

U. S. News and World Report teases its readers with stories whose headlines promised sure-fire answers ("Will There Be A Recession?" "How Much Inflation?" "Which Way the Stock Market Now?") and offers carefully hedged conclusions or none at all. Its 1974 forecasts were unexpectedly straightforward, with precise statistical estimates of how each of the most important economic barometers would read. A comparison of *U. S. News'* predictions with what actually happened shows this:

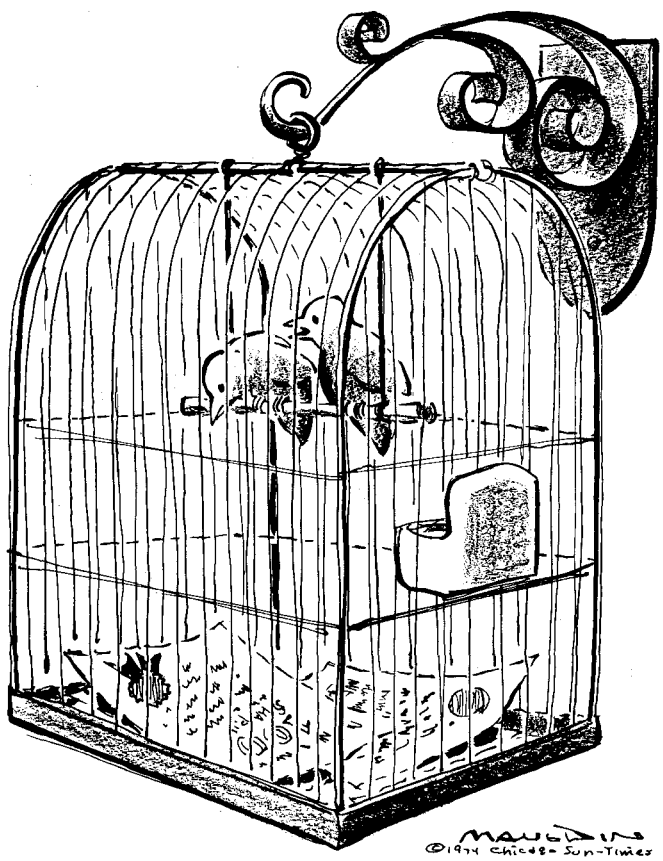
	U.S. News Forecast	*Actual*
Cost of Living	UP 5.7%	UP 12%
Wholesale Prices	UP 5.5%	UP 11.5%
Industrial Output	DOWN .8%	DOWN 1.4%
Homebuilding Starts (ann. rate as of Dec. 1974)	1.5 million	.9 million
Auto Production	8.5 million	6.4 million
Unemployment (end of 1974)	6.2%	7%

Business Week, in its year-end issue, had no forecasts of its own but instead presented an ambitious summary of the predictions of 25 economists and eight econometric models. From these the magazine concluded that "business will drag during the first half of the year, perhaps even sliding into a recession; in the second half, a recovery will get underway." Both the machines and the humans surveyed by *Business Week* sharply underestimated the inflation that was coming. Their estimates ranged from five percent to 7.5 percent. Partly for this reason, 24 of the 25 predicted that real income would increase in 1974. It dropped. The booby prize was won by the computer programmed by Raymond Fair of Princeton University, the fellow who furnished the statistical backup for Sen. George McGovern's $1000-to-everybody demogrant scheme during the 1972 election. The Fair econometric model predicted a real increase in the GNP of 3.5 percent, inflation of only 4.7 percent and average unemployment of only 4.8 percent.

General predictions, while interesting, don't do much for the average reader who wants to know what to do with his money in the coming year. Kiplinger's *Changing Times* specializes in such advice. Its January 1974 issue interviewed Dr. Martin Gainsbrugh, formerly chief economist of the National Industrial Conference Board, a research organization financed by some of the country's largest corporations. Putting what it called "the straightest questions we could think of about the future" to Dr. Gainsbrugh, it urged its readers to "use the answers for guidance in planning your financial strategy for the year ahead."

Dr. Gainsbrugh stressed that there would be no recession unless the Arab oil embargo, then in effect, proved to be "prolonged." He said the rise in food prices "will begin to taper off around the second quarter" of 1974. Asked how a family could cope with continuing inflation, he replied: "the best inflation hedge for the average family is the purchase of a home and the paying off of a mortgage over the next 10 or 20 years in ever-softer dollars." But banks stopped lending home mortgage money to "average families" in 1974.

The financial journals were eager to help people make their way in the new year's stock market. None of them, unfortunately, offered what would prove to be the only useful advice: get out or sell short. *Forbes* magazine sought out David Babson, of the Boston investment counseling firm of the same name, which had at the time over $1.5 billion of other people's money under management. "What does Babson recommend for investors?" asked the *Forbes* editors. "Bury their money? Put it in a savings bank? Buy bonds?" No, said Babson. His hedge against inflation was none of those. It was "growth stocks." The *Forbes* editors were incredulous. After all, the market in 1973 had taken a severe beating, and the threat of shortages hung over the fastest-growing industries. Were Babson and his colleagues *still* believers in the growth stock



"Oh, oh—they've started using stock certificates."

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theory?

"Yes, we are," Babson replied. "This is the time to be investing cash. In the types of companies we are interested in the values are better than they have been in a long time." Babson urged the purchase of what he called "seasoned growth stocks," specifically the following: Xerox (which was to fall 55 percent in value in 1974); Coca-Cola (down 65 percent); American Motors (60 percent); IBM (off 33 percent); Merck (down 20 percent); Procter and Gamble (15 percent); and Kodak (45 percent). Readers of *Forbes* would have been far better off burying their money.

Babson was also interviewed by *U.S. News* on January 7. He advised small investors to buy mutual funds, which he called "by far the most practical and the safest" investment medium for individuals "with modest amounts of capital to invest in equities." Between January and October the total asset value of the nation's mutual funds was to drop by $15 billion.

Among the chief victims of the 1974 stock crash were the so-called institutions—foundations, universities and pension plans—and the people who looked to them for both income and livelihood. Universities have reduced operations and laid off professors as the stocks in which much of their endowments are invested nosedived and the dividends they depend upon to finance their activities shrunk. In late summer of 1974, the Ford Foundation announced that its portfolio, made up mostly of blue chip stocks, had declined by one billion dollars, and it would have to reduce its grants accordingly.

Universities and foundations have long entrusted the care of their endowments to professional money managers and men of distinction. (When I was at Harvard 20 years ago, we knew the endowment was in safe hands because it was managed by a Lowell.) The magazine designed for these managers is the *Institutional Investor*, the most successful publication of the "go-go" stock era of the 1960s. Much of its 1974 issue was devoted to a survey among "hundreds of leading analysts" to determine the stocks that would "fare best over the next 12 months in the industry group they cover." The *Institutional Investor*'s selections and their performance in 1974:

	Predicted price (Instit. Inv.)	*Dec. 16 price*
Raytheon	50	24⅞
United Airlines	mid-30s	13⅞
American Motors	mid-teens "by this time next year"	3¾
Citicorp (FNCB)	60-72	27¼
ABC	"50-100% increase in next 18 months" over present price (28)	12⅞
Sohio	"could peak at $225 later this year"	59⅛
Norton Simon	$40 "given a decent market"	10⅛
Marriott	mid-30s	6½
Kodak	$170 by year-end	58¼
AT&T	"$65 per share in a recessionary environment"	43⅝

None of this will prevent the economic journals from predicting just as boldly for 1975. With conditions the way they are today, of course, they might forecast nothing but gloom. Based on their recent performance, if that is what they say we are in for a pretty good year.

Middle East Muddle

by Stanley Karnow

Egyptian President Anwar Sadat's warning the other day that the Middle East is a time bomb that could explode at any minute was less a threat than an attempt to urge Secretary of State Kissinger and the Israelis to revive the negotiations that began following the Yom Kippur war late last year and have since faltered. Thus Sadat seems to be anxious to edge toward some kind of deal with Israel, and his apparent receptivity to a compromise ought to be cause for optimism. But nothing in the Middle East is ever simple. The Egyptians and Israelis not only face difficult problems in their own quest for a reconciliation, but the dispute that divides them is further complicated by the fact that the Syrians, Jordanians, and, to a lesser extent, the Saudi Arabians, have a stake in the settlement. The Palestine Liberation Organization, which the Arabs have endowed with a form of legitimacy, has also emerged as a key and controversial factor in the

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equation. Moreover the Russians are currently pressing to participate, and their intervention is snarling the tangle. So though Sadat may not have intended to sound alarmist, the time bomb is actually ticking away, and unless it can be defused by diplomatic action quickly, the Middle East could again erupt into a conflict that would have wider global repercussions than last year's conflagration.

Kissinger's main objective at this stage is to persuade the Egyptians and Israelis to resume their talks as soon as possible, and his sense of urgency is prompted by his concern for potential Soviet maneuvers toward Egypt in the weeks ahead. The Russians, who had cooled off on Sadat earlier this year after he agreed to Kissinger's mediation efforts, reestablished formal relations with Washington and diluted his so-called "Arab socialism" program by opening Egypt to Western investment, suddenly warmed up to him again in the fall, when they perceived that they were losing ground to the US in the Middle East. They invited Egyptian Foreign Minister Ismail Fahmy to Moscow in October, and, among other things, arranged for Leonid Brezhnev, the Soviet Communist party secretary general, to visit Cairo. The Brezhnev trip, scheduled to start on January 15, now looms as a deadline. For Kissinger fears that unless the Egyptians and Israelis have managed to get the diplomatic train back on track by then, Sadat may be tempted by Brezhnev to move toward the Russians. In Kissinger's view that would be undesirable in two respects. First, Sadat would probably side with Brezhnev in insisting that the Middle East negotiations return to Geneva, where they were initially held for two days in December 1973, and that, Kissinger feels, would turn the discussions into a shouting match. Secondly, closer ties between Brezhnev and Sadat would mean the resumption of Soviet arms shipments to Egypt, and that, besides contributing to fresh tensions in the region, might induce the Egyptians to stiffen their position on rapprochement with the Israelis.

As I understand it, Kissinger is convinced that the Israelis should contemplate turning certain territories taken in 1967 back to the Egyptians in order to keep the diplomatic ball rolling and prevent the Russians from strengthening their influence in Cairo. But a crucial question at the moment is which areas the Israelis are willing to give up, and whether the Egyptians are prepared to grant them political concessions in exchange.

Until the Yom Kippur war broke out, the Israelis equated territory with security. Even after the conflict ended, Golda Meir, then prime minister, rejected the idea of trimming Israel's frontiers with her assertion that "anyone who thinks . . . that deep and defensible borders have no value in conditions of modern warfare is in error." But the realities of the war proved otherwise. For example the Israelis had regarded Sharm El Sheikh at the southern tip of the Sinai as vital to the defense of the Gulf of Aqaba and their port of Elath, but that notion was shattered when the Egyptians cut off the waterway by blockading the Bab El Mandeb straits at the southern entrance to the Red Sea. The Egyptians also crossed the Suez Canal, which the Israelis had considered an effective barrier, and the concept of the Sinai as a buffer against air attacks has become outdated by the presence in Egypt's arsenal of Soviet-built surface-to-surface SCUD missiles capable of hitting Israeli cities from launching pads inside Egyptian boundaries. The Syrians have the same missiles, as well as Soviet MIG-23 fighter-bombers equal in performance to the F-4 Phantoms delivered by the US to Israel. The Israelis can undoubtedly construct atomic weapons, as Israel's President Ephraim Katzir said the other day, but they would be neutralized by Soviet nuclear arms given to the Arabs. As a result the experts submit that while the short-range military race favors the Israelis, they will be at a strategic disadvantage over the long term. Iran, which formerly leaned toward Israel, now threatens to back the Arabs should another war begin.

hat the Israelis are becoming increasingly aware of their limitations may account, in part at least, for their discernible shift away from the rigidity of Golda Meir to a more tractable posture on territorial and other issues. Abba Eban, the former foreign minister, reflected this attitude when he suggested in an interview published in these pages some months ago that Israel ought to have "less faith in uniquely military solutions" because "we are not in a position to dictate our will and our interests to our neighbors, nor are they in a position to dictate their will and their interests to us." Displaying similar flexibility, Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin has dropped his previous requirement that Egypt sign a nonbelligerency pact with Israel as a prerequisite to an accord, and, he has indicated, he will accept instead a de facto expression of Egypt's desire for peace. This would take the shape of a pledge by the Egyptians not to attack Israel or back other forces doing so, end their boycott and other economic sanctions against Israel, and agree to postal links, tourist exchanges and other such measures. If these concessions are forthcoming, the Israelis say, they will withdraw from territories taken from Egypt —but only on condition that the territories are demilitarized and patroled by a "highly credible" force, perhaps composed of Israeli and Egyptian troops. The Israelis would like this accord to span three to five years, with an option to extend it for a longer period if it appears to be working. Rabin said recently that he would even relinquish territory to Egypt without any concessions, as a way of gaining time, since, like Kissinger, he is worried that Sadat may slip into the Soviet camp unless there is diplomatic progress within the next few weeks.

The rub in this territorial offer is that it barely

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begins to satisfy Egypt's claims. The Egyptians argue that they will accept nothing less then the entire Sinai peninsula conquered by Israel in the 1967 *blitzkrieg*. The Israelis not only rebuff that demand, but for the moment at least, they refuse to surrender the strategic Gidi and Mitla passes that cut through the mountains of the Sinai some 40 miles east of the Suez Canal. Nor will they give up the Abu Rudeis oilfields, located on the east bank of the canal, from which they draw 60 percent of their petroleum, and they also regard Sharm El Sheikh as untouchable though its military importance has been shown to be doubtful. Some Ford administration officials contend that the Israelis will have to back away from their position on the Sinai and make significant concessions to Egypt if an agreement is to be sealed.

The task confronting Kissinger is to narrow the gap between the opposing sides. How far he can go depends on several elements, among them his own willingness or ability to put pressure on the Israelis, something he is reportedly reluctant to do lest he unleash the fury of American Jews and congressional critics like Sen. Henry Jackson. Another element clouding this picture is whether the Egyptians are able to proceed toward a settlement with Israel independently of Syria's efforts to resolve its differences with the Israelis. The Egyptians are not hostile to bilateral negotiations, but they hold that a full-scale agreement must encompass Israel and all the Arabs, and they contend it is necessary that "progress" be made on "all fronts" more or less simultaneously.

Compared to their problems with the Egyptians, which are complex enough, the Israelis face a far tougher adversary in the Syrians. Hafez Assad, the President of Syria, is more radical than Sadat, and the Russians have reinforced him with an array of sophisticated military equipment in addition to Soviet-trained Cuban and North Korean pilots to fly his aircraft. The Israelis and Syrians are not haggling over a region like the Sinai, which is large enough to permit generous concessions, but the tiny sector of the Golan Heights. The Israelis cling to the hills that overlook their most productive farmlands in the Jordan and Hula Valleys, and they refuse to withdraw from their strategic emplacements, contending that the failure of the Syrians to rebuild and repopulate the nearby town of Kuneitra is evidence of Assad's plan to trigger fresh fighting. The Syrians complain that the movement of civilian Israeli settlers into the area is a plot to annex it to Israel, and, as a consequence, they reject the idea of a piecemeal solution such as the Egyptians and Israelis are trying to work out. "If there isn't complete withdrawal and the occupation continues," Assad said recently, "we will have conditions not for peace but for a new war."

Despite that language Assad did display a degree of restraint a couple of weeks ago when he consented to extend for six months more the life of the United Nations peacekeeping force that separates his troops from the Israeli army. Washington specialists believe, however, that the Syrians will not renew the UN franchise that ends in May unless diplomatic advances are underway, and that if they are not, the Israelis may be spurred to launch a preemptive strike against Syria. Would that prompt the Egyptians to intervene? Egyptian diplomats affirm that Egypt is committed to Syria's defense, but US sources speculate that Sadat might offer only token assistance to the Syrians if the Israeli action is over rapidly. Thus the risks of another eruption are real, and the weeks prior to the expiration of the UN force's current tour along the border between Israel and Syria are seen as another deadline in the perilous endeavor to avert a fresh Middle East conflict.

Israel's dual problem of finding an accommodation with both Egypt and Syria has meanwhile been exacerbated by the appearance of the Palestine Liberation Organization as the movement sanctified by the Arabs to represent some three million Palestinians scattered throughout the Middle East. For Yasir Arafat, the head of the PLO, is dedicated to the dissolution of Israel as a Jewish homeland, and although Egypt and Jordan indirectly recognize the existence of the Israeli state, they joined with the other Arab nations in legitimizing him at the Rabat summit in October. Their position has therefore been contradictory, and the problem is further confused by the attitude of the Israelis toward Palestinian nationalism.

The Palestinians are plainly revising history when they claim to have been evicted from their native land by the Israelis. They refused to create their own state in the more than half of Palestine assigned to them by the UN partition decision in 1947. Bulwarked by the armies of five Arab nations, they chose instead to fight for the whole area. The Israelis defeated the entire coalition, leaving the Palestinians stateless. Despite this setback the Palestinians developed a nationalist fervor that, as Rabbi Arthur Hertzberg has pointed out, recalled the passion of the early Zionists. In their Diaspora the Palestinians became elites in their adopted countries, teaching school in Syria, managing banks in Lebanon and running the administrations of the underdeveloped Persian Gulf sheikdoms. The Israelis, in their complacency after the 1967 war, failed to appreciate that Palestinian nationalism would one day surface. As a consequence they denied the Palestinian inhabitants of the occupied West Bank any real outlet for their political dynamism, and they did little to work out a deal that would have permitted their most malleable Arab neighbor, King Hussein of Jordan, to incorporate the territory and the Palestinians in it. The result was the gradual mobilization of the PLO as a separate force, and it is worth noting that it was initially recognized by the Arabs as the "sole legitimate representative of the Palestinian people" at

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an Arab conference in Algiers as far back as October 1973, a year before the Rabat summit. So the rise of the PLO could not have come as a surprise to the Israelis.

Edward Sheehan, a Middle East specialist, has disclosed that Sadat tried last summer to cement a tie between Hussein and the PLO that the Israelis could have tolerated. But Hussein could not enlist Israeli cooperation, and Sadat sought to make the PLO acceptable to Saudi Arabia's conservative King Faisal by provoking its radical wing to break with Arafat, who could then be labeled "moderate." Sheehan says that Sadat and Faisal promoted the PLO at Rabat in order to make the Palestinian movement more palatable to Kissinger and the Israelis. If that is true the strategy has yielded nothing substantial so far. Gerald Ford, Nelson Rockefeller and Undersecretary of State Joseph Sisco have inadvertently issued statements favorable to the PLO, and official US pronouncements refer to "the legitimate interests of the Palestinian people." But Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin, who governs with a slim majority, could not conceivably advocate negotiations with the PLO without igniting domestic political fires. Kissinger is reported to believe that the PLO must be kept out of the current negotiating phase, since its presence would compound the delicate enough problems confronting the Egyptians and Israelis.

Nobody thinks that the question of Palestinian nationalism is going to evaporate, and the search is now on for a formula that can weave it into the rough Middle East diplomatic fabric. Israeli Minister of Information Aharon Yariv suggested last July that Israel might talk with the PLO if it renounced terrorism and recognized Israel's right to exist, and although that proposal was officially disavowed at the time, it is still put forth privately by Israeli officials. Another idea being circulated would be the creation of a provisional Palestinian government, composed of intellectuals theoretically unaffiliated with the PLO guerrillas, that would recognize Israel and limit its ambitions to a West Bank state. But opponents of any dealings with Arafat contend that a West Bank state is not a viable proposition, and that the PLO would soon seek to take over Jordan or Israel or both. Those who hold this view argue that time will take the steam out of the PLO and perhaps offer Israel the chance to strike a bargain with more temperate Palestinians.

In an interview with the Israeli newspaper *Ha'aretz* not long ago, Rabin said that his ultimate goal is to gain time. Israel, he said, must survive in peace for seven "lean years"—until the Western nations can, through other resources, free themselves from reliance on Arab oil. A seven-year breathing spell in the Middle East, though, is hard to imagine.

Clash of the "Two Majorities"

Where United Nations?

by Charles W. Yost

In an address to the United Nations General Assembly in December the US representative John Scali spoke bitterly of the "tyranny of the majority," noted that "every majority must recognize that its authority does not extend beyond the point where the minority becomes so outraged that it is no longer willing to maintain the covenant which binds them," and concluded that in consequence of recent majority behavior in the Assembly, American support of the United Nations "is eroding—in our Congress and among our people."

Somewhat similar speeches were made on the same day by representatives of France, Britain, West Germany, Italy, Sweden and Belgium.

What occasioned this concerted outburst of indignation by the developed countries? Their frustrations have been building up for some time but were confirmed this year by actions of the majority on these subjects: international economic relations, South Africa and the Palestinians.

As to the first, the assembly adopted by a vote of 120 to 6 a "Charter of Economic Rights and Duties of States" proposed by the President of Mexico. Among the handful of negative votes were those of the US, West Germany and Britain, and among the few ab-

CHARLES W. YOST, *former US ambassador to Syria and Morocco, served as chief US representative to the United Nations, 1967-1971.*

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stainers Japan, France and Canada. In other words this is a charter that asserts the rights of the less developed countries and the duties of the developed but does not, in the view of the latter, adequately protect their rights or the interests of their private investors. As Ambassador Scali said: "the minority which is so often offended may in fact be a practical majority, in terms of its capacity to support this organization and implement its decisions."

On the second subject, a proposal to expel South Africa from the United Nations under procedures laid down in the UN charter was vetoed in the Security Council by the US, France and Britain. The Assembly majority thereupon proceeded to deny the South African delegate his seat in the current Assembly on very dubious procedural grounds.

Finally, and this action was the most provocative, the Assembly majority voted that, for the first time in the history of the organization, a spokesman not representing a member government might participate in an Assembly debate. This spokesman, moreover, Yasir Arafat, leader of the Palestine Liberation Organization, was accorded the honors not merely of a delegate but of a chief of state. To add insult to injury the Israeli representative, who wished to rebut seriatim his numerous adversaries in the debate, was prevented from doing so by a ruling of the Algerian Assembly president, which when challenged was upheld by the majority.

Coincidentally the same majority in UNESCO, the UN Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization, which is supposedly nonpolitical, cut off support for regional programs in Israel on the grounds that Israel, in defiance of UN injunctions, is altering the physical and cultural character of Jerusalem.

These were the actions that the Western ambassadors so rigorously attacked and that provoked such angry reactions among press and public in several countries. For example Switzerland reduced its contribution to UNESCO by 10 percent, and on December 10, 71 US senators joined in declaring the PLO a "direct threat" to the foreign policy of the United States.

Were these strong reactions justified? To some extent they certainly were. But in fairness to the Third World majority their intemperate actions, rather than being matched by equally intemperate Western responses, should be examined dispassionately and with some perspective. In order to do so one needs to cast a glance at recent history.

First, as Ambassador Scali reminded his audience, the UN Assembly is not a legislative body. It cannot enact laws. Except in regard to internal procedural and budgetary matters, its resolutions are not binding on member states. What they are is a public expression of the opinions of a majority of member governments, in many though not in all cases representing a large majority of mankind. As Dag Hammarskjold used to say, the Assembly is "a reflection of the world as it is," not as we might like it to be. In that sense it is worth listening to, if we wish not to deceive ourselves about the state of the real world. Adlai Stevenson once remarked in this connection that what the United States needs most is a hearing aid.

Second, we should not forget that from 1945 to 1960 the overwhelming majority in the United Nations consisted of Western Europeans and Latin Americans. Those were the days when the Soviet Union and the few nonaligned member states repeatedly protested "the tyranny of the majority." But we had then no qualms about passing resolutions over their strong objections. Now the shoe is on the other foot, and we are crying foul.

The history of the three issues that have provoked the present excitement also needs to be kept in mind.

Ever since the less developed countries became the majority they have been passing resolutions calling on the rich to assist much more substantially in their development, to improve the terms of trade that have until recently been heavily in their disfavor, and to police multinational corporations, which they believe have in many cases exploited them. The fact that there has been only a very modest response to these repeated appeals accounts in substantial part for the recent quadrupling of oil prices by OPEC, for the wave of nationalizations of foreign properties, particularly in Latin America, and for the one-sided resolutions on these subjects adopted by the UN Assembly.

As to South Africa, it should be recalled that the Assembly and the Security Council have for many years been passing resolutions, which the US has almost always supported and only two or three states have opposed, calling on South Africa to abandon its policy of apartheid or racial segregation.

Yet practically nothing has happened. Apartheid remains as firmly entrenched as ever. Efforts to impose sanctions on South Africa or to expel it legally are blocked by vetoes in the Security Council. The procedural device adopted to deprive South Africa's delegate of his seat in the present Assembly was, therefore, while legally improper and politically unwise, a symbolic expression of long pent-up frustration on an issue that deeply affronts the human dignity of all the nonwhite members of the United Nations.

The questions revolving around the Palestine Liberation Organization likewise raise issues carrying an enormous emotional charge; there is no doubt that, just as much of the world community experienced a deep sense of guilt for having failed to prevent the holocaust of the Jews, so have many, particularly in the Third World, felt a growing sense of guilt for having allowed two generations of Palestine refugees to pass their lives in economic squalor and a political vacuum. A very large majority of UN members now clearly feels that, just as Israel is entitled to self-determination, independence and secure sovereignty, so

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too are the Palestinians.

Had this problem been squarely faced and decisively dealt with some years ago, it might have been resolved within the framework of the Jordanian state. Having been neglected too long, the initiative passed, as has been the case in many other emerging nations, into the hands of ultra-nationalists and revolutionaries willing to use terror to achieve "liberation." Outrageous as terrorism is, we must not forget that it has been used in similar struggles by French revolutionaries, Russians, Yugoslavs, Israelis, Algerians and many others, and is even now a daily practice among both Catholics and Protestants in Northern Ireland. This does not excuse it but helps explain why it is tolerated. To the great majority of UN members, Arafat is the fighting leader of an oppressed people, and it was in that capacity that he was recognized and honored.

Even the many who do not consider these explanations and parallels sufficient excuse for "irresponsible" behavior by the General Assembly would do well to recall the not insignificant accomplishments of the United Nations, not those of the distant past but those of 1974.

Valuable UN peacekeeping capabilities have again been demonstrated in the Middle East by the establishment of multinational forces in the Sinai and on the Golan Heights, forces that now play an important part in maintaining the fragile peace in the area and that, if there is to be a political settlement, will no doubt be an indispensible element in it. Moreover the Soviet Union has in this case for the first time joined in creating and paying for such a force and is co-chairing the UN-sponsored Geneva Conference. Through the UN, it is thus deeply and usefully involved in the peacemaking process. A similar UN force in Cyprus was helpful in preventing last summer's conflict from doing even more harm than it did and remains a partial barrier to further hostilities.

Even the General Assembly, so bitterly reproached for one-sidedness, has during the past month upheld the US position by narrow margins on two critical Asian issues: the representation of Cambodia and the maintenance of a UN command in Korea.

Of far more long-range significance were three UN conferences held this year on matters of profoundest import: the law of the sea conference in Caracas, the population conference in Bucharest and the food conference in Rome. It is true that none of these did more than begin to resolve these problems—by defining their magnitude, by proposing and debating means of dealing with them, and by exposing clearly the disastrous consequences of failing to cope. But had the United Nations and its family of economic agencies not existed, it is doubtful that even this beginning would have been made.

It is indeed in this economic area of urgent international concern that the future indispensibility of the United Nations most probably lies, even more than in its traditional peacekeeping role. It is becoming ever clearer that the survival of organized and civilized human society into the 21st century depends on controlling population growth, assuring adequate and accessible supplies of food, fuel and fertilizer, developing and modernizing the underdeveloped two-thirds of mankind, rationalizing and stabilizing our trade and financial systems, protecting our threatened environment.

All of these are problems that affect all nations and their solution will, in this age of accelerating interdependence, require the active cooperation of most of them. The focus of such cooperation can best be international organizations in which almost all nations are present. To quote Hammarskjold again, if the UN did not exist we would have to invent it. It will be simpler to preserve and improve it than to reinvent it. But it cannot be improved without patience, restraint, mutual accommodation and shared leadership on the part of all concerned.

These qualities will be required both from the numerical majority of Third World countries and what Ambassador Scali called the "practical majority" of those countries on whose economic, political or military power usually depends whether UN resolutions are mere empty gestures or lead to consequential action.

Rather than trying to reserve decision-making on these critical issues for a "rich man's club" of affluent states, the "practical majority" must, if it wishes the decisions to be carried out, submit them at an early stage to a forum of all concerned. To the same end the "numerical majority" must forego the symbolic "triumphs" that so provoke and alienate their powerful partners, must be less compliant to the small coterie of radical activists within their group, and must engage systematically in a far more persistent search for consensus among the two "majorities."

Finally, however, let it be clearly remembered what the General Assembly is and what it is not. It is a sounding board, a spectacular global opinion poll, a "face the world" talk show. It is not a parliament to pass laws or coerce its members. When *decisions* need to be taken by the United Nations they will be taken, in regard to the maintenance of peace, by the Security Council, where the US and four others have a veto, and in regard to the critical issues of economic interdependence, in the specialized agencies and conferences, few of whose decisions can in fact be implemented without the support of those possessing, in each case, the relevant economic resources.

My concluding piece of advice to both "majorities" would be that of Talleyrand to diplomats: *Surtout, pas trop de zèle*"—above all, not too much passion. The United Nations belongs to everyone, that is, everyone willing to live in peace with his neighbors.

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Stanley Kauffmann on films

A Woman under the Influence

(Faces International)

Murder on the Orient Express

(Paramount)

The curse of filmmaking, as John Cassavetes shows us yet again, is that it's too easy. No, of course not the financing and so on, but the basic process of making a film. The first Kodak sales slogan was "You press the button and we do the rest." It never was true of the art of photography, but it was literally true of the process of photography. Now it's true of film. You point the camera and press the button, and we do the rest. "We" means not only craftsmen of all sorts but the audience.

A grammar-school child can shoot some film of a leaf falling from a tree and, with luck, get a pretty shot of the descent. It would take a great deal more than pressing a button to write a line of prose or verse about that descent (*pace* Kenneth Koch) that was more than precocious in a child. But on film, for goodness' sake, there *is* the leaf, falling gracefully from the tree. The original leaf, the original grace. Little Willie, who made the shot, is even more enraptured than we are.

As Cassavetes is enraptured. He puts his camera in real houses and he gives his actors things to say as lifelike as he can make them and he even puts some non-actors in the cast and he lets the camera run and run, lets the people improvise on their lines, and the camera keeps running and running and the people keep on doing and saying and quarreling and crying and making up, and after it's all done he takes the film out of the camera and shows it to us. For goodness' sake, there it is. What more can we want?

Just about everything. Everything that can happen after the filmmaker exclaims, "Look, ma, I'm filming! I just have to point my camera at something and it sticks to the film!" The good filmmakers, let alone the best ones, know that they must mistrust their pleasure in seeing what they staged or observed actually there on the screen: must use its "thereness" in some design, must be basically a bit frightened by the ease with which the "thereness" is achieved, eager to justify it. But Cassavetes, from his first "cinéma-vérité" fiction film *Shadows* (1961) through *Faces* and *Husbands* and *Minnie and Moskowitz*, is largely enthralled by his mastery of Step One.

This sentimentality about method is, unsurprisingly, joined to sentimentality about subject. His definition of truth is, apparently, anything that commercial films overlook or skimp. He certainly didn't invent this booby credo, but he bears the banner onward.

In **A Woman under the Influence** he focuses on a young woman in the LA area who is the wife of a hard-hat worker, has three children and an oppressive mother-in-law. She is highly neurotic, almost psychotic at times. She is committed. (By the most undoctorly doctor I have seen in films, not to mention life. Where was verism there?) After six months she returns and, in a few hours, is flipping out again.

You can read this story any way you like. Some have said, quite erroneously, that it's an indictment of society. Is every spouse indictable if he/she is not clinically trained or completely self-negating? The husband here is shown to be a loving man with no more egotism than gives him the power to love. Some have said, also quite erroneously, that the film dramatizes R. D. Laing. But Laing doesn't stop at saying that madness is caused by society ("hell is other people" in Sartre's familiar phrase). Laing goes on to say that madness is the sanity of the mad, a way of coping. This woman doesn't cope. She is wretched. She would clearly rather not be the way she is.

But, admittedly, the film isn't really "about" anything. Cassavetes knew that if he ran this grimy film two and three-quarter hours, sentimental critics would be sure to find it deep and even those who might fault the film one way or another would have to admit that it really Faced Life. To me this film is utterly without interest or merit. It tries to establish its bona fides simply by existing: it's up there on the screen and is therefore to some degree incontrovertible. This might be argued for a documentary, where the film would be a medical record. Not here.

It's always 100 to one that if an actor plays a neurotic, particularly an extreme one, most particularly a long role, people will think the performance is splendid. Gena Rowlands has this very easy part and, as actors say, makes all the easiest choices in playing it. You seem to see her merely mimicking what she has observed through one-way windows in mental hospitals. Peter Falk is the husband with his usual bag of tricks—self-conscious solidity, pauses, all the diamond-in-the-rough clichés.

Murder on the Orient Express, which is at the other end of the verism spectrum, is a different kind of booby-trap for "thinking" critics. Agatha Christie mystery? All-star cast? Didn't the producers know that Christie is dated? That all-star casts are the nadir in Hollywood grandiose thinking and almost never help a picture?

As a matter of fact, this is one of the best all-star pictures I can remember, every star necessary and used, and they help to make it a first-class entertainment. The script by Paul Dehn has to haul and tug a bit because there's considerable explanation to be crammed on to that train, but there's no dull moment. (The story, set in 1935, deals with the murder of a rich man on the famous Istanbul-Calais express, with 12 suspects and the renowned Hercule Poirot on board.) The presence of those stars gives the script a weight—dare I call it

(continued on page 34)

Films Worth Seeing

Amarcord. If there's such a thing as an instant classic, this is it. Fellini's exquisite, funny, ironic poem about the small town of his youth.

Antonia. A good one-hour documentary about a fine woman—Antonia Brico, the orchestral conductor who, as woman, was ahead of her time.

I. F. Stone's Weekly. Now playing some places with *Antonia.* Another good one-hour documentary about a truth-addicted journalist.

Lenny. Bruce, that is. *Caution:* the script is tame anarchy, but the dazzling direction and the strong cast give it some bite.

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A First Textbook

Gaudier-Brzeska, a Memoir by Ezra Pound

(New Directions; $3.25 paper)

Henri Gaudier-Brzeska, the French sculptor tragically killed in action on the Western Front when he was only 23, was perhaps the most promising sculptor of his generation. Yet the only available edition of his sculpture and drawings, that of Mervyn Levy (October House, 1965), is hardly adequate: it omits some of Gaudier's most important sculptures, provides indifferent reproductions of the others, and Levy's brief introduction is, at best, sketchy. Reviewing the book for *Apollo*, John Parry asked: "Why doesn't some enterprising publisher reprint Pound's monograph?"

The enterprising publisher who did just that was James Laughlin of New Directions. In 1970 he brought out an enlarged edition of Pound's 1916 memoir, including 30 pages of illustrations as well as Pound's later notes on Gaudier. Now this edition has been reissued in paperback, and although the reproductions are disappointingly small and grainy, one must be very grateful to New Directions for making readily available at low cost one of the central documents of our century on avant-garde art, a manifesto that stands squarely behind Charles Olson's "Projective Verse" and Frank O'Hara's "Personism: A Manifesto," and such important defenses of abstraction in the fine arts as Sam Hunters's "New Directions in American Painting" or Harold Rosenberg's *The Tradition of the New*.

Pound's "Memoir" tells us little about Gaudier's personal life. The sculptor's bizarre semi-Platonic love affair with Sophie Brzeska, the Polish writer 20 years his senior whose name he adopted, and with whom he lived on and off during the last five years of his short life, is barely mentioned: Pound discreetly refers to Sophie as Gaudier's "sister," and those who want to know more about the romance must turn to H. S. Ede's rather histrionic *The Savage Messiah* (1931).

Nor can *Gaudier-Brzeska* be called, in any usual sense of the word, "art criticism." It is a seemingly random, repetitious, disorganized and eccentric book, a miscellany of personal vignettes, tributes by fellow artists, a selection of Gaudier's letters from the Front, reprints of his critical prose (part of the "Vortex" essay for *Blast* (1914) appears twice!), Pound's own "Vorticist" essays of 1914-15, a "Partial Catalogue" of Gaudier's work, and Pound's preface to the Memorial Exhibition of 1918.

Yet today, more than half a century after it was written, we can begin to understand *Gaudier-Brzeska* as the formal equivalent of Gaudier's credo that "sculptural energy is the mountain,"

or of Pound's insistence that "the image is not an idea. It is a radiant node or cluster . . . a VORTEX, from which, and through which, and into which, ideas are constantly rushing." For all its seeming chaos, *Gaudier-Brzeska* does have a plan. Pound begins with the plain facts: the news of Gaudier's death as "part of the war waste," and reprints a moving obituary by Ford Madox Ford. He then moves rapidly from the "Vortex" essay and Gaudier's other manifestoes back in time to his first meeting with the sculptor that took place in 1913 at an Albert Hall exhibition, when Pound, admiring a particular green clay statue, and making fun of its sculptor's unpronounceable name ("Brzkjk . . . Burrzisskzk"), was suddenly approached by a young, wolflike, bright-eyed "Greek god," who said gently: "Cela s'appele tout simplement Jaershka. C'est moi qui les ai sculptés." So began the great friendship that quickly led to Pound's posing for Gaudier. "Some of my best days," Pound recalls, "the happiest and most interesting, were spent in his uncomfortable mud-floored studio when he was doing my bust." Only after this account and the series of Gaudier letters does Pound suspend the narrative and pause to define vorticism in poetry as it relates to Gaudier's "vorticist" sculptures.

The book thus embodies the esthetic of *process* which is, in fact, its subject matter. We come to understand Gaudier's art only gradually, just as Pound himself did. The first time one reads the "Vortex" essay, phrases like "the PALEOLITHIC VORTEX . . . Early stone-age man disputed the earth with animals" sound merely pretentious. But when they reappear 100 pages later, after Pound has inspected them from all sides and puzzled out their implications, these odd elliptical statements begin to make sense. *Gaudier-Brzeska* is, then, as Pound says of Gaudier's "Vortex" essay, "a remarkable arrangement of thought"; it presents ideas in action, capturing fragments of Pound's esthetic at the very moment of their formulation.

What is that esthetic? Vorticism is, as most critics have noted, a slippery term, meaningless if we take it to literally as referring to an art based on the vortex or whirlpool—"a rapid movement of particles of matter round an axis" (NED). The "vorticist" art of Gaudier and Pound tended to ignore the "central axis" itself in favor of rapid movement, a movement "caught" and given form. Art historians generally agree that Gaudier's greatest innovation was his presentation of movement that is potential rather than actual as in *The Dancer* or *Boy with a Coney*. It is this energy that immediately attracted Pound to Gaudier's sculpture. Interestingly he preferred the portrait bust of himself "two weeks before it was finished" because at that point "it was a *kinesis*, whereas it is now a *stasis*, but before the back was cut out, and before the middle lock was cut down, there was in the marble a titanic energy, it was like a great stubby catapult, the two masses bent for a blow."

The demand for energy was only a part of Pound's "New Aesthetic." The real thrust of *Gaudier-Brzeska* lies, I think, in its rejection of 1) mimesis and 2) symbolism in art. In the 1934 postscript Pound says: "The key word of vorticist art was Objectivity in the

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sense that we insisted that the value of a piece of sculpture was dependent on its shape." This belief in the irrelevancy of subject matter was one of Gaudier's central tenets. "We have arrived at an age," he says, "when men can consider a statue a statue. The hard stone is not the live coney. Its beauty cannot be the same beauty." Such statements struck a responsive chord in Pound: "the 'new form'," he agreed, " . . . is not a mimicry of external life." For "the organization of forms is a much more energetic and creative action than the copying or imitating of light on a haystack."

The representation of external reality is not, then, the artist's business. The French symbolists had, of course, already followed this precept, positing that the poet creates his own imaginative world, a construct of internalized meanings and self-contained symbols. But both Gaudier and Pound equate Mimesis and Symbolisme and reject both. "I shall arrive at my emotions," Gaudier declares, "solely from the arrangement of surfaces . . . the planes and lines by which they are defined." Pound applies the same principles to poetry: "Imagisme is not Symbolism . . . to use a symbol *with an ascribed or intended meaning* is, usually, to produce very bad art." The image does not, then, stand for something else; it is the "poet's pigment"; it is "itself the speech." The essence of poetry is "precision . . . a refusal to define things in terms of something else." "If I were a painter," Pound posits, "I might found a new school . . . of non-representative painting . . . that would speak only by arrangements in colour." Thus Pound was especially drawn to Gaudier's late sculptures which, unlike his famous *Dancer*, a semirealistic nude, were abstractions from animal life. Of *Birds Erect* (see cut on page 21) Pound says: "This is one of the most important pieces. The representative element is very slight . . . As a composition of masses, I do not think I have seen any modern sculpture to match it." And indeed *Birds Erect* prefigures the abstract bird sculptures of Moore, Brancusi and Lipschitz.

Whether poetry can ever become purely "non-representative" is, of course, doubtful, for words inevitably have meanings, and it is here that the analogy between language and stone, poetry and sculpture breaks down. Yet the "presentational" mode advocated by Pound in *Gaudier-Brzeska*—the doctrine that good poetry depends upon the proper arrangement of surfaces, the "positioning" of stark literal images and word groups so as to "Make It New"—looks ahead to Pound's own *Cantos* and Williams' *Spring And All*, to the poetry of Black Mountain, the Objectivists, and the New York poets, and it culminates, logically enough, in the concrete poetry of our own day. A recent manifesto of concretism asserts: "We are here to proclaim the word in space . . . . We proclaim the word as well as proclaiming the emptiness around it. When we say 'line of poetry,' we mean line as line and not as length of sound. And to 'color a thought' is no longer a metaphor but real live color. If our words do not touch you, then you should touch them, feel them, even play with them." Here, conceivably, is a rationale for the fusion of poetry and sculpture.

Pound was convinced that the Gaudier "Vortex" of 1914 would become "the first textbook of sculpture in many academies before our generation has passed from the earth." No doubt this claim was extravagant, at least so far as the training of contemporary sculptors is concerned, but in an odd way Pound turned out to be right. For if Gaudier's aphoristic "Vortex" has not become "the first textbook of sculpture" in our academies, Pound's own essay-memoir on Gaudier is well on its way to becoming a "first textbook" for anyone interested in contemporary poetry and poetics. It is a commonplace book that takes nothing for granted, an *Ars Poetica* for an age that increasingly doubts that *art* is amenable to definition.

Marjorie Perloff

MARJORIE PERLOFF *is the author of* The Poetic Art of Robert Lowell *(Cornell).*

Opium Denizen

Samuel Taylor Coleridge by Molly Lefebure

(Stein and Day; $15)

If I should perish without having the power of destroying these & my other pocket books, the history of my own mind for my own improvement, O friend! Truth! Truth! but yet Charity! Charity!

Biographers of Coleridge start out intending both charity and truth, both total human sympathy and absolute candor. But the deeper they get into the tangled thickets of Coleridge's mind and heart, body and soul, the more they seem forced to simplify and take sides, to prune here and exaggerate there—possibly in support of their *own* self-esteem and mental equilibrium.

There have been at least 27 new books on Coleridge published since 1960; not to mention 21 volumes, so far, of the official *Letters, Works* and *Notebooks*. Each writer takes on one part of this monstrous puzzle of a man, overstates and exaggerates that, and neglects or underplays the rest.

W. J. Bate, for instance, in a popular 1968 biography, devotes six well informed pages to the matter of opium addiction, and seven, very sympathetic and defensive ones, to "The Problem of the Plagiarisms." But in general he belittles the significance of the latter, and is markedly unsympathetic to what he regards as "psychological reductivism"—"the psychological haste with which we are eager to reduce greatness to the lowest common denominator"; to criticism or biography, that is to say, that tries to explain an artist's works in terms of problems like drug addiction.

Norman Fruman in *Coleridge: The Damaged Archangel* cites Bate's book as typical of the fault-filled, devotion-blinded misrepresentations of S. T. C. *his* book is designed to displace. To Fruman, the "problem of plagiarism" is everything. Coleridge's critical and philosophic thought, of which Bate makes so much, is either stolen from the Germans or a nonsensical muddle. As for opium addiction: "In general, I believe, commentators are far too quick to assume a drug influence when confronted with distortions of reality in Coleridge's fantasies or semi-somnolent states of mind."

One must admit that Coleridge's latest biographer, Molly Lefebure, does sometimes seem to have a nark's nose: her central theses are that Coleridge's opium addiction began much earlier than he claimed (not a new idea); that he often took it for kicks, not for cures; and that, though he lied about its role in the creation of "Kubla Khan," opium was *the* central fact of Coleridge's life, the source of 40 years of misery, inaction, deceit and guilt: his Albatross. (Lefebure reads "The Ancient Mariner" as a kind of prophetic biography, and structures her

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chapters along the line of its plot.) Most of the important facts about Coleridge's addiction have been studied before; what is new here is its promotion to center stage.

Reading her book is a mixed experience. At first one is compelled by the sheer horror of the story, fascinated by her details of drug addiction then and now, and disarmed by her flashy, non-academic, opinionated verve.

She starts the book where she ends it, in April 1816, when Coleridge finally gave in and had himself virtually committed. But as she backtracks through the early years her opium case grows more and more slender, and she is forced to construct an A. L. Rowse-type argument—*i.e.*, one made almost entirely out of negative evidence, bluster and unsupportable claims. Her story of his life remains readable, even gripping. But soon harmless letters are seen as "redolent with opium." Falling asleep becomes "a comfortable euphemism for succumbing to narcosis." Physic "all too obviously means laudanum." Sloth is "an obvious euphemism for opium."

> *Neither was the study of Spinoza wholly unrelated to opium, one suspects. The sensation that "all things counterfeit infinity" is a drug-turned-on, as well as a pantheistic, experience.*

"Dejection" is "a morphine addict's cry of anguish." Any bowel disorder is probably a withdrawal symptom. "Addicts lose all sense of family and social responsibility": but so do many artists. All sorts of attitudes are attributed to opium addiction: Coleridge's sense of superiority, his disgust at materialistic relations, his profound respect for Wordsworth. But he *was* superior; they *were* disgusting; Wordsworth *deserved* his respect. I suppose what damaged her case most for me, in the end, was to learn that any number of tensions, confusions and symptoms I myself had experienced were all "typical of the addict."

There *is* something obsessive and reductive in so single-minded, even anti-literary an approach to a writer's life.

Coming

The introductory chapter, "A Kind of Order," from Stanley Kunitz' new book of criticism to appear in the spring (Atlantic/Little, Brown).

By this stage, moreover, much of the author's unprofessional lack of scruple begins to seem more slovenly than beguiling. Her judgments have the offhandedness of casual conversation, and her cultural history and literary criticism are both of a very low order. The Romantic movement is reduced to a meretricious fad, the Wordsworths to a pair of incestuous faddists.

After 1801, when Coleridge began to admit the nature and extent of his own addiction, and for the next 15 years, he wrote of it more eloquently and harrowingly than any biographer ever could. He was not only aware of his situation, he could also describe his wretched case in prose (and occasionally poetry) that defies paraphrase or condensation. Opium *is* central, diabolically central, to Coleridge's life during these dark years, and it is here that Lefebure's study comes into its own, and the reading experience becomes one of almost unbearable pathos.

But yester-night I prayed aloud
In anguish and in agony,
Up-starting from the fiendish crowd
Of shapes and thoughts that tortured me:
A lurid light, a trampling throng,
Sense of intolerable wrong . . .
Desire with loathing strangely mixed
On wild or hateful objects fixed.
Fantastic passions! maddening brawl!
And shame and terror over all!
Deeds to be hid which were not hid,
Which all confused I could not know
Whether I suffered, or I did:
For all seemed guilt, remorse or woe,
My own or others still the same
Life-stifling fear, soul-stifling shame.

So two nights passed: the night's dismay
Saddened and stunned the coming day.
Sleep, the wide blessing, seemed to me
Distemper's worst calamity.
The third night, when my own loud scream
Had waked me from the fiendish dream,
O'ercome with sufferings strange and wild,
I wept as I had been a child;
And having thus by tears subdued
My anguish to a milder mood,
Such punishments, I said, were due
To natures deepliest stained with sin . . .
Such griefs with such men well agree,
But wherefore, wherefore fall on me?
(1803)

My bodily infirmities conquer me,
and the cowardice of pain, or rather
of danger of life, drives me to stimulants that cannot but finally destroy me. . . . Die, my Soul, die!—Suicide—rather than this, the worst state of Degradation! . . . O me! that being what I have been I should be what I am! (1805)

Six years' work in a London pathology department doubtless taught Lefebure a great deal about the hell of drug addiction. But *is* that the best preparation for an understanding of Coleridge, any more than six years spent in a German library, or a graduate school of English? S. T. C. is *not* your run-of-the-mill junkie, nor is the fact of opium addiction the most interesting or important thing about him—any more than his compulsive and unacknowledged literary thefts. Bate, at least (whatever one may think of his assessments and interpretations), focused on Coleridge's professional and creative self, rather than his private griefs; on Coleridge as poet and critic, Coleridge as he matters to history—which seems to me to be getting the priorities straight.

"Until the day comes that a trained psychologist and a trained literary scholar converge in the same person," Norman Fruman doubted that any explication of the uncanny power of Coleridge's three great mythical poems would suffice. Until the day comes that even *more* qualities and wider sympathies converge, we are probably going to have to be satisfied with this series of partial and partisan *Lives*.

David Littlejohn

DAVID LITTLEJOHN *teaches in the department of journalism at the University of California, Berkeley.*

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Man of Will

Memoirs by Jozsef Cardinal Mindszenty

(Macmillan; $9.95)

Cardinal Mindszenty is seen by some as a true hero of our time, by others as a relic of the Cold War, a hopeless anachronism. If heroism is sheer human perseverance, "a fanatic insistence on a self-conceived role," as Arthur Miller put it, then Mindszenty is indeed a hero, and a tragic one at that. Defying both the Nazis and the Communists, more recently he has refused to yield to the head of his own church. But the heroic image is tarnished as soon as we discover that these dramatic acts of defiance betray the inflexibility of a stubborn, not-very-clever man.

Mindszenty's book will disappoint even his ardent supporters. It shows an astonishing lack of insight—into history, church-state relations, his own situation. His simplicity and unworldliness (admirable enough traits in a cleric) are not reflected in his religious faith which is simplistic, never intuitive or all-embracing. Ironically Mindszenty is far more kindly disposed toward Pope Pius XII, a refined and subtle man, his very opposite, than toward Pope John who, like Mindszenty, came from peasant stock and was neither a scholar nor a diplomat. Of course the Hungarian cardinal can readily identify with Pius' staunch conservatism, but is highly suspicious of John's ecumenism.

The first, rather sketchy, portion of the *Memoirs*, covering the period between the two world wars, is disillusioning because of the apolitical nature of the narrative. On these pages we meet an energetic young priest who seems quite content with the way his country is run. The prewar Hungarian political establishment was Christian in name, and that was enough for Mindszenty. Not even his country's increasingly pro-German orientation bothered him much; only in 1944, after a Nazi stooge seized power in Budapest and directly challenged the authority of the church, did Mindszenty, by now a bishop with quite a following, begin to speak out from the pulpit against discriminatory legislation. But these pastoral letters were by no means unequivocal denunciations of the régime. Ever the political naif, Mindszenty proudly displays one of his protests (against the confinement of Jews in ghettoes), apparently not realizing what a feeble document it really is:

> *When innate rights . . . are unjustly prejudiced either by individuals, by associations, or even by the representatives of the government, the Hungarian bishops, as is their duty, raise their protesting voices. . . . With the exception of a lawful and legally valid decision by a magistrate, these rights cannot be prejudiced or taken away by any person and any earthly power.*

Yet the cardinal makes the extraordinary claim that "the Jews of Budapest owe to this intervention the fact that the majority of them were saved from death in gas chambers." He also points out several times that during the war he and the church were always ready to help "both baptized and unbaptized Jews."

József Mindszenty became prince primate of Hungary in 1945, a cardinal a year later. Until his arrest he was one of the most powerful men in the country. In retrospect the struggle between the cardinal and the commissars seems to have been inevitable. Mindszenty took his title of primate seriously, laying claim even to the nonecclesiastic prerogatives of this medieval office. As head of the Catholic Church in Hungary, he espoused unusually conservative views on both religious and secular matters, insisting for instance—in a country that was on its way to becoming one the most rigidly orthodox Communist states in Eastern Europe—on compulsory religious instruction in public schools. The new rulers realized of course that Mindszenty was a formidable enemy who had to be removed, so in 1948 he was arrested and charged with high treason and espionage.

After a much-publicized trial at which the cardinal pleaded guilty to all the charges, he was sentenced to life imprisonment. A great deal has been written about this infamous show trial and curiously enough, the main participant, now that he finally has his say, has surprisingly little to add. What he does say seems pretty general and predictable. Memoirist Mindszenty relates, in a series of rather brief chapters, that through cruel beatings and intimidations his captors succeeded in "shattering his personality": he became confused and apathetic, though at no time did he completely lose touch with reality.

Those who were disappointed in Mindszenty for not standing up to his judges consider his incomplete martyrdom something of an embarrassment. Yet a momentary breakdown does not necessarily signal cowardice. If Mindszenty proved anything during the course of his long and sad life, it is that he is a man of strong will. His fierce anti-communism and old-fashioned patriotism begin to make sense when we realize that we are dealing with a man who sees virtue in resistance and is absolutely convinced of the justice of his cause. From the pages of the *Memoirs* we learn that the conflict between church and state in postwar Hungary was a life-and-death struggle, and this much Mindszenty knew from the beginning. There can never be true coexistence between the Catholic Church and Communist governments, he believes, because

> *communism is an atheistic doctrine which is by nature the enemy of religious faith. A kind of inner compulsion, something akin to fear of the spirit and the soul, drives it to struggle against religion. It merely conceals its fundamental hostility to religion only when concern for the preservation of its power forces it to do so.*

Mindszenty is obviously very sure of himself. Anyone who actually sees his Communist interrogator as the "Temptor," noticing a "colored light in a frame plainly dancing above his head," has to be. But then his faith *is* absolute, and it has doubtless kept him going all these years and has even given him a kind of serenity. Not that the legendary churchman is finally content to rest on his laurels. He is cantankerous and petty; he trivializes his heroism. During his 15-year stay at the American embassy in Budapest, his anti-Communist sentiments grew into an obsession and he whiled away those years in angry, misanthropic solitude.

The *Memoirs* remind us repeatedly of Mindszenty's extremely old-fashioned Catholicism. To the cardinal religion is solemn ritual, though he doesn't hesitate to use it in the service of fervent, if narrow-minded, nationalism. Clinging adamantly to the ancient privileges of the church, he has never really made his peace with postwar land reform (the Catholic Church had huge holdings in

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Hungary), and during the heady days of the 1956 Hungarian uprising, when everyone expected the newly liberated cardinal-primate to adopt a conciliatory tone, he made it clear that "we await the return of those institutions that formerly belonged to the Catholic Church." Mindszenty is also hard to read when he appears in the role of the versatile intellectual. His long discourses on history and education are merely dull; his "critique" of dialectical materialism is downright embarrassing.

Yet there are poignant touches in the *Memoirs*. Mindszenty, like any man who has lived in confinement, is awed by distances, long journeys. His beloved mother, he tells us, covered some 7500 miles during the course of her various prison visits, and he himself has traveled 40,000 miles "by car, train and plane" in the past two years. The cardinal was passionately devoted to his mother, and this might explain his curious identification with women. While being tortured in prison, he thought about the "fate and feelings of innumerable honest Hungarian girls, nuns, and mothers who had been raped." There are also moments of startling candor. Concerning his visitors at the embassy, Mindszenty says: "As long as I was in fashion, so to speak—that is during the period of the Cold War—they came more frequently. . . . Later the moves toward political and ideological coexistence changed my situation."

In 1971 Mindszenty finally agreed to leave his embassy asylum and his homeland. Before his departure he was asked by the Pope's emissary not to speak out on political issues in the West. But Mindszenty could not be restrained. He sought out the Hungarian faithful all over the world and preached to them about the dangers of cooperating with the enemy. The Vatican, not wishing to imperil its fragile détente with Eastern Europe, decided in early 1974 to relieve Mindszenty of his official position as archbishop of Esztergom and primate of Hungary. Still the stubborn cardinal would not submit. He rose to challenge the decision of the Holy See, urging his supporters to deluge the Vatican with letters of protest. The 82-year-old exiled prelate has embarked on another lonely—and futile—crusade.

Ivan Sanders

IVAN SANDERS *contributes to* Books Abroad.

On Stage

Contradictions: Notes on Twenty-Six Years in the Theatre by Hal Prince

(Dodd-Mead & Company: $8.95)

There's no doubt that Hal Prince is an extraordinarily talented man. Only 46, he's produced an almost unbroken series of successful musicals stretching back more than two decades; recently he's branched into directing them as well, and his credits in that department include *Cabaret, Zorba, Company, Follies, A Little Night Music* and *Candide*. About the only thing he can't do well, in fact, is write.

That's a pity, too, because he's seen it all. According to William Goldman (whose book *The Season* is a superb piece of theatrical history that makes the shortcomings of *Contradictions* very evident by comparison), "Prince is probably the producer with the broadest view of the problems of the theatre as a whole." But Prince tries to do too much. Attempting to explain what those problems are, who *he* is, how one produces and directs, he spreads himself too thin. Then, too, a man who can write that his life "hasn't been too heavy in the reality factor" is under a severe stylistic handicap when it comes to dealing with issues of any complexity. Prince touches on everything—auditioning practices, ticket prices, Actor's Equity, theater size, electronic amplification, audience involvement, the contributions of George Abbott, Jerome Robbins, Bob Fosse and dozens of others—but the treatments are sketchy. "I have a predilection for oversimplifying," he tells us, and so he does. About reviewing he says: "Without critics, people wouldn't know what to see. Good reviews sell tickets. Enough said." But what about bad reviews? Must we consult David Merrick to discover how producers feel about them?

The "contradictions" of the title may, in Prince's view, consist of the paradoxes inevitable in the life of a business-

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man-artist, but for the reader, too often they seem to refer to the incoherence that is another of the book's faults. It is full of instances of Prince simply having been unwilling, or unable, to put his thoughts in order—to work out for himself, and us, how he feels about something, or what he wants to say about it. For example Cecil Beaton's costuming of *Tenderloin* was too "tasteful," not "vulgar" enough, he tells us, two sentences before he takes Beaton to task for smearing "grotesque" makeup on the actresses; Joan Littlewood's production of *They Might be Giants* failed because she tinkered with "a tight, carefully polished play" instead of simply mounting it, while his own production of it never got off the ground because "there was something wrong with the play"—he never tells us what.

As an autobiography, *Contradictions* might have succeeded. From all other sources its subject sounds like an interesting enough man. But Prince seems to hold back. There's little said about his life outside the theater, and in recounting the dozens of years he's spent on Broadway, he often wears a mask. Producers have to be clever with money, and Goldman tells us that Prince is the smartest of them all, but, though the book is full of financial details and endless negotiations, the shrewdie Prince must be seldom comes through. Instead we get Mr. Integrity: "Success is not measured at the box-office" intones the man who, according to Goldman, genially admitted to *Variety* that he had falsified reports of grosses from the road company of *Fiddler on the Roof* in order to make it seem more successful than *Hello, Dolly!* Instead of giving us a self-portrait, warts and all, he pontificates, and we get a lot of strangled bombast: "My predilection for theatricality is not exclusive. Occasionally, I like the static verbosity of French theatre."

In fairness to the book there are occasional nuggets, particularly in the second half, which is better than the first (either because Prince's memory of his recent plays is clearer, or because they're the ones he directed as well as produced). The next-to-last chapter, on *Candide*, is an indication of what the whole book could have been; it's a richly detailed account of how Prince and his collaborators solved monumental problems of staging in one of the most original productions of the past few seasons.

But overall the essential genius of the man is missing. Whatever unerring instinct he has for what is commerical

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and entertaining, whatever it is that makes him the most consistently successful producer of musical plays in our history, he doesn't really convey it here. Most of us talk a better game than we play, but for Hal Prince it's just the reverse—fortunately for theatergoers, perhaps unfortunately for his publishers. He tells us in his introduction that he's always wanted to be a writer. One can't help hoping that with *Contradictions* he's fulfilled that dream or abandoned it, and can go back to being a producer and director of vastly entertaining plays.

Richard Horwich

RICHARD HORWICH *teaches English at Brooklyn College.*

Recent, Notable Fiction

The Adventures of God in His Search for the Black Girl by Brigid Brophy

(Atlantic/Little, Brown; $7.95)

Brigid Brophy is a lively and refreshing writer, with a reputation for cleverness. This is a limitation, particularly in England where cleverness, especially in women, is rather suspect. She is a superb reviewer, opinionated and witty, and her novels have an unusual precision and elegance. I got great pleasure from *Flesh* and *The Snowball*, brilliant little fables about sex whose slightness becomes their strength. In the title story of this latest book the main character, God himself, expresses a taste for writing that's sophisticated, stylish, literary. The words apply very well to Brophy's own best work.

But though she's both inventive and imaginative Brophy has a tendency to try too hard—perhaps because of the unsympathetic literary climate—becoming self-consciously whimsical or pedantic. Her last novel, *In Transit*, sank under the weight of puns and word games; her last critical work—a 600-page, provocative tribute to one of her literary idols, Ronald Firbank—merely proved that prolonged provocation becomes tedious. Now, in *The Adventures of God in His Search for the Black Girl*, she pays homage to another clever and nowadays unfashionable writer, George Bernard Shaw. Though she gives a funny, ingenious twist to Shaw's atheism she falls into traps some of which Shaw himself failed to avoid: determined to mock and shock, she's so unrelentingly the *enfant terrible* that her flashes of genuine wit get lost.

The title story, half the book, is a conversation piece set in the Elysian fields. (They resemble an 18th-century formal garden; Brophy believes that the 18th century and sex are "the two most fascinating subjects in the universe." Voltaire, Gibbon and eventually Shaw himself, along with assorted anonymous moderns including a psychoanalyst and an aggressively "humble" Christian, are a kind of "celestial Fabian society" happily debating its way through all eternity. God drops in, rather diffidently because he's a fictional character and they're all real, though dead. God needs someone to rehabilitate—or rewrite—him; he is, he explains at some length, the most hateful character in all literature, and to add insult to injury his creators claim to have been created and inspired by him. He finally decides to drop a manifesto on Rome—or as Shaw suggests, a godifesto—saying simply "I do not exist. Signed, with divine authority, God." But all this is just an excuse for conversation that rambles entertainingly over religion, the nature of fiction, censorship, public lending rights for authors, vivisection, psychoanalysis—Brophy's pet hobbyhorses. Part of the joke is that God is more or less her mouthpiece. Like her, he's an ardent vegetarian, a feminist, a Freudian and a great reader. Compared to those old pros Shaw and Voltaire, God is naive about the writing of fiction; still, he's able to cite Brigid Brophy to back up his literary judgments.

This intellectual playfulness is disarming; the sign of someone who takes ideas seriously. Her Shaw sums up the drift of the whole dialogue when he argues that

> *people regularly regard ideas as dehumanised, but passions, emotions and violent action as human. Yet the truth is that ideas are the* most *human of those things. All the others we humans share with other animals. But ideas are things which only humans have.*

Brophy herself dehumanizes ideas—by treating them as static "things," by isolating them from emotion, from opposition. There are moments when she's so self-conscious about her "ideas" that she actually stops thinking. It's most obvious in the shorter pieces—a mixed bag of fairy tales, fables, paradoxes and puns. She never misses a chance to throw us off balance, to discomfit and needle us into questioning our prejudices. But she never questions her own. Her writing is finally too comfortable, too self-assured, and her polemical points—pro-vegetarian, anti-democratic, anti-religion—are paraded too easily and predictably. Bossily, she divides us into sheep and goats. If you disagree you're cast into an irrational outer darkness and convicted of being humorless and non-literate. Ironically I found myself digging my heels in, resisting at precisely those places where I am most inclined to agree with her.

Brophy's feelings only seem engaged when she writes about animals, about man's inhumanity not to man but to other animals. At one point in the title story God, surprised by Shaw's hard-hearted laughter at the troubles in Northern Ireland, is firmly rebuked for failing to see how much passion laughter requires. But it's that human passion that's lacking in Brophy's own wit.

It's not that Brophy is hard hearted. But her jokes these days have the irresponsible brittleness of a precocious adolescent, of a public schoolboy if you

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like. It's a note that's curiously prevalent in contemporary English letters—a crotchetiness that conceals lack of genuine individuality, a class-based assumption of cultural superiority, a condescension toward anyone who disagrees. Brophy is beginning to sound more and more like writers whom superficially she's opposed to—Malcolm Muggeridge, Auberon Waugh or Bernard Levin. She is picking up the bullying note that lurks behind their liberal reasonableness, the clubman's prejudices that lie at the root of the English "sense of humor." It's a pity that a woman with such a fresh and personal talent should let herself be co-opted in this way. It may be a comment not so much on Brigid Brophy as on the subtly authoritarian atmosphere in which she's writing.

Margaret Walters

MARGARET WALTERS *teaches English at the University of Reading, England.*

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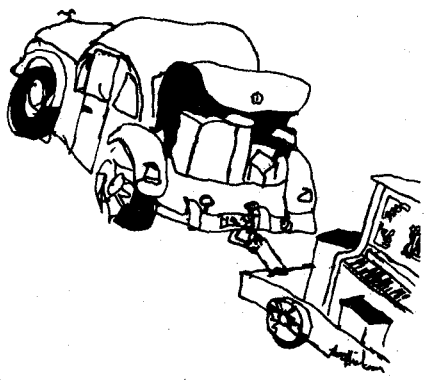

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Look at the Harlequins! by Vladimir Nabokov

(McGraw-Hill; $7.95)

"I met," begins the novelist-narrator Vadim Vadimovitch (no family name given, though it may begin with the letter "N"), or Vladimir Vladimirovitch, "the first of my three or four successive wives in somewhat odd circumstances, the development of which resembled a clumsy conspiracy, with nonsensical details and a main plotter who not only knew nothing of its real object but insisted on making inept moves that seemed to preclude the slightest possibility of success. Yet out of these very mistakes he unwittingly wove a web, in which a set of reciprocal blunders on my part caused me to get involved and fulfill a destiny that was the only aim of the plot."

Immediately the maze, the mystery, the Nabokovian minefield, the deadly games we're obliged to play by conflicting house-rules slyly hinted at by the subtle, devious, somewhat sinister host who knows but never unequivocally reveals. The point, if there is one, is to play adroitly in the certain knowledge of final defeat.

Imagine a tale told along such wavering, receding, chimerical lines which start surprisingly and end where they will. Imagine a teller in susceptible childhood who has already harbored "the secrets of a confined madman" and taken to heart the esthetic and metaphysical counsel of a whimsical, possibly daft great-aunt: "stop moping" and "Look at the harlequins! All around you. Trees are harlequins, words are harlequins. So are situations and sums. Put two things together—jokes, images—and you get a triple harlequin. Come on! Play! Invent the world! Invent reality!"

Imagine an invented life compounded in continuously shifting proportions of known facts, dream, fantasy, illusion and reality, in all their slippery relations, told by a lonely, old half-mad "memoirist," and you begin to see the magnitude of the game's odds, tilted wholly in the house's favor, which is to say Nabokov is as relentless and duplicitous a necromancer at 75 as ever he was in the high period of his permanent youth.

Like Vladimir Vladimirovitch, Vadim Vadimovitch was born in St. Petersburg in 1899, lived a childhood aspects of which we know, or think we know, from the novels, was educated after the revolution at Cambridge, began his literary career and established a parochial reputation as an émigré writing for Russian periodicals in France, emigrated to the US before the war and taught at Cornell (here Quirn University) for many years, made the impossible transition from Russian to English (or a language that misleadingly looks like English but is in essence quite wholly created and one of the world's authentic miracles—"the fata-morganic prose I had willed into being in the desert of exile"), went on to compose the famous *oeuvre* (disguised here only by the playful, taunting titles) and became the universally celebrated novelist and man of letters.

But between, beyond and beneath the discernible lines to his own life, Nabokov imagines a correlative life and an imagination resembling but at a remove from his own—invents, that is, a life that he might have lived and a semblance of the imagination that absorbs from that life the materials of his art. All of it he has transcribed in the forms, language and imagined processes by which dreamed life and suffered experience—from the glow of a lovely girl's skin and the set of her chin, the down of her forearm to the familiar Nabokovian confusions of time and duration, space and direction, memory and image, as well as his nightmares and waking dreams, the symptoms of a recurring "madness" and other fantasms of the mind, the processes by which the real and the illusory life are re-created into Vadim's/Vladimir's fictions. An adored girl fits her palm "for a moment into the cheek of the teapot. And it all went into *Ardis* [a novel of Vadim's very like Vladimir's *Ada*], it all went into *Ardis*, my poor dead love." A man who's not sure of his name and must find the coordinates of his existence somewhere, even if he must invent them, or discover them in the iridescence of a butterfly, or in the rigors of art. "Only the writing of fiction," Vadim writes as he casts about among the possibilities of his life, "the endless re-creation of my fluid self could keep me more or less sane."

Nabokov's narratives unravel deep within the texture of his work, and serve as reference points for the mind while the eye is transfixed by the whirling sleight-of-hand; Russia, England, France, America; three or four successive wives; the fitful, hectic processes of creation. Iris, lyric love of his young manhood and first of his wives, is killed

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by her mad, thwarted lover. Annette, first Vadim's inept typist, then his inept wife, and between these states the occasion or object of a small masterpiece of a defloration scene, disappears with a lady friend who may or may not have designs on her—but not before producing a daughter for him. That he has in the barren chill of their marriage sought the brief consolation of a lascivious graduate student is the pretext but not the cause of her departure. Louise, number three, the wicked stepmother and something of a tramp, vanishes with some lover or other to Florida or Florence or somewhere else—leaving Vadim, as the others have, to his lonely devices and his consuming art, all of them become memory for the old writer, lost in time and recoverable only through the endless re-creation of his fluid self.

The daughter, Bel, his Annabel Lee, his Lolita and melancholy inspiration for that novel (as written by Vadim more evocatively, suggestively entitled *A Kingdom By the Sea),* his captive, enchanted princess denied him by Annette throughout her childhood and forever after by that vilest of despoliators, another man, in fact her husband—Bel is granted him only for the butterfly years of her pubescence following Annette's violent, happy death. And, as we would confidently have predicted, those are Vadim's glory years. Not surprisingly, they give rise to the tenderest, loveliest, saddest fata-morganic prose in the novel: the two of them alone in their kingdom by the sea, two beautiful children, father and daughter, tremblingly innocent, delicately sexlessly lewd lovers, joyously free during that brief reprieve to ramble the "intelligent" trails of the far mountains inhabited only by other butterflies and a magical, wondrous landscape out of time. Not of flesh and the world but of the state of "being in love": Nabokov is the incomparable master of that trance, and here it is reserved only for the brief doomed period when he is first enamored of Iris—and for Bel, for the gift of time between childhood and adolescence, for her incipience, before they are awakened from their dream and exiled from their kingdom. Then the corruptors appear: first a mature, fleshly, awful woman, his third wife, the witch who makes her own exorbitant demands; and then, as Bel seeks to take flight, a cloddish young man, inane, a dolt, clumsy, altogether unworthy, who perceives Bel not as a butterfly but as a young woman who bleeds and can bear—and carries her off to hell, which is to say the Soviet Union, where Bel's beautiful, archaic, pre-revolutionary Russian will fall on dirty ears.

All this is glimpsed darkly from afar through the distortions of memory, while we are mesmerized by the dazzling, blinding, multifaceted surface. For Vadim, as for Vladimir, art is precisely *performance,* a masque, a circus, a trapeze act conducted—as he says of his shift from Russian to English—"without net." A matter of life and death, sanity and madness, every step is dangerous. One wants simply to record those steps—those figures and figurations—and regard them rapt with admiration, as in a brief paragraph, a sentence, a phrase Nabokov turns and circles, spins and whirls with arrogant perfection, superb mastery. How he works with the safety net of Russian "spread below, between me and the lighted circlet of the arena" where the audience sits gaping, I cannot say; but to observe him working without net in fata-morganic is all the more breathtaking. If novels were composed of marvelous sentences Nabokov would surely have to be judged the greatest living writer; and it is certain he would be some kind of great writer if he were writing travel brochures, field guides to lepidoptery, technical manuals for the automotive industry.

But novels are not composed of beautiful sentences. Occasionally—perhaps especially when he has stunned us with his performance in sentence after sentence—we long for a huge, lumbering, sweating, grunting workhorse of a sentence that will ploddingly perform the brute labor of bearing its terrible, necessary burden from here to there. But of course getting "there" is not the point of Vadim's novel; the point lies in the elaboration of fantastic, fugual designs, gorgeous patterns and textures, all with contemptuous grace and virtuosity. Such art is in the essence and by disdainful intention decadent, flung in the faces of the "facetious criticules in the Sunday papers" who charge him with "aristocratic obscurity." Nabokov is our great decadent, our reigning mandarin and eccentric, a supreme, determinedly minor artist whom major ones might well envy while criticules continue to carp and gnash the stubs of their teeth.

Saul Maloff

SAUL MALOFF *is author, most recently, of the novel* Heartland *(Scribners).*

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Dead Solid Perfect by Dan Jenkins

(Atheneum; $7.95)

Dan Jenkins' football novel *Semi-Tough* got the kind of popular acclaim that eases the sting of critical neglect, but its readers got little more than an attenuated club-car joke. Necessarily, one might add, since it could be about nothing deeper than the winning or losing of a pro game: except that in the same year Don DeLillo proved in his ambitious *End Zone* that football's an apt metaphor for what ails us, and James Whitehead in *Joiner* that its players sometimes suffer more off the field.

Jenkins is happier with characters who account for themselves in terms so upfront that there seems to be nothing left out back: "I was dead solid honest with her from the moment we met. Told her that what she saw and what she heard was all there was to me. There wasn't any hidden genius anywhere, I said. All I knew anything about was golf and one or two card games."

So speaks the hero of Jenkins' new golf novel, *Dead Solid Perfect*, and you never see or hear anything to make him a liar. Kenny Puckett (fine, symbolic name) has a character as smooth, round, and tightly wrapped as a new Titleist. He *does* know golf and card games, but nothing about women that would win Kate Millett's approval, and not much more about life than can be learned from its avoidance. But somehow he clicks—perhaps because he's a man of small pretense, no harder on his friends than on himself, and capable in the end of the stirrings of compassion.

And the book works, too, a lot better than its predecessor. It shouldn't, since golf is much duller than football, and its professionals generally less attractive, and the episodic, go-nowhere feel of the author's first novel is raised here to a minor art. But Jenkins' narrative voice, while about half crazy, is all authority. We enter his hero's world so swiftly we forget to ask what brought us there at all. These days it's nice to encounter a man so self-confident as to be disinterested in his own depths, and the people around him are so overwhelmingly grotesque they force your admiration like sword-swallowers at a county fair. Except that—of course—Puckett wins a big golf tournament, nothing much happens in the book (though there are marvelous flashbacks to a particularly bizarre Texas adolescence), and the walk-on characters are less discovered than simply detailed. But I picked my way through the pages with grudging delight. The people are so weird, the jokes so vile, the dialogue so infected with vindictive humor, and the whole mood of the book so animated by feverish indifference to the "rules" of storytelling that *Dead Solid Perfect* makes you wonder whether Dan Jenkins' casual and contemptuous way of writing fiction isn't a valid new voice, so reactionary as to be truly avant-garde.

A senior writer at *Sports Illustrated*, Jenkins probably has an inside track on a dozen other games, and I'd be surprised if the formula he's found in these two novels doesn't sire a parade of semi-written, wholly entertaining fictions. I'm looking forward to the next one, though I'm damned if I know why.

William C. Woods

WILLIAM C. WOODS *is a free-lance writer living in Washington, DC.*

Invisible Cities by Italo Calvino

(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $6.50)

Calvino's seventh novel is a sensuous delight, a sophisticated literary puzzle. Within the imperial gardens, Kublai Khan and Marco Polo rest in their hammocks, smoke their pipes and create reality. Polo describes the cities outside the garden walls which are "invisible" to the Khan. "But are they real?" Kublai wonders, with good reason. Calvino has deployed 55 sketches of imaginary cities, fictive constructs reminiscent of utopias or Dante's *Inferno*, or Borges' "Tlön, Uqbar, Orbis Tertius." The short sketches, from 300 to 700 words each, are enigmas, like Zen *koans*, intended for the reader's meditation:

> *If you choose to believe me, good. Now I will tell how Octavia, the spider-web city, is made. Between two mountains, a suspended net supports a city. But it doesn't cradle it from below, as we might expect; rather the city hangs from the net, over an enormous cavern. . . . All the rest, instead of rising up, is hung below. rope ladders, hammocks, houses made like sacks, . . . dumb-waiters, . . . cable*

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cars, chandeliers, pots with trailing plants.

Calvino plays with images, spatial jokes, associations by form. Besides these refined games, there is usually a philosophical problem: "Suspended over the abyss, the life of Octavia's inhabitants is less uncertain than in other cities. They know the net will last only so long."

The sketches are arranged in formidable symmetry with at least three ordering principles. First there is the frame tale, as in *The Arabian Nights*, or in Calvino's own tradition, *The Decameron*. (Oddly enough the lives of Boccaccio and Polo probably overlapped a decade.) Within the frame, Polo's tales edify and entertain the emperor. The sketches are further ordered by one group of 10, seven groups of five, and a final group of 10. These are numbered in a bizarre fashion, which we find to be a countdown: 1; 2, 1; 3, 2, 1, so that each of the nine sections self-destructs (with the exception of the last, which somehow reconstitutes itself in symmetry with the first). These groupings are esthetic games of abstract design.

The third order leads us from abstraction into the themes of the book. There are 11 categories of cities (such as thin cities, trading cities, cities and the dead) that repeat in an elaborate, additive pattern, as if these basic patterns could organize (or create) the known world. The repetition of these categories invites the reader to make comparisons, to find recurring ornaments and meanings. As Polo says, "Everything I see and do assumes meaning in a mental space."

History and geography become mental spaces; all reality is thought. Aggressively he explores the Cartesian dualism of mind and matter, giving primacy to the mind, promoting solipsism, making life a chess board. The poor Khan ponders his own chess board, struggling to keep up with Polo's dazzling fluency: "By disembodying his conquests to reduce them to the essential, Kublai had arrived at the extreme operation: the definitive conquest, of which the empire's multiform treasures were only illusory envelopes. It was reduced to a square of planed wood: nothingness . . . ." Such frightening purity is worthy of Mallarmé.

And yet, for Polo at least, there is an existential hope possible, even given the perverted cities of "Enoch, Babylon, Yahooland, Butua, Brave New World." The issue becomes: what is man, when does he live civilly with his fellows? Los Angeles and Kyoto-Osaka are rejected. The last lines exhort another alternative: "Seek and learn to recognize who and what, in the midst of the inferno, are not inferno, then make them endure, give them space." We see Voltaire's "We must cultivate our garden" and Eliot's "These fragments I have shored up against my ruins" given a new twist into mental space.

William Weaver's translation is accurate and graceful. Here is a deft sample: "But what I wanted to warn you about is something else: all the future Berenices are already present in this instant, wrapped one within the other, confined, crammed, inextricable." And "in Perinthia's streets and square today you encounter cripples, dwarfs, hunchbacks, obese men, bearded women. But the worse cannot be seen; guttural howls are heard from cellars and lofts, where families hide children with three heads or with six legs."

The publisher carefully follows the complicated design of the table of contents from the original Einaudi edition of 1972. The dustjacket's stunning black and silver photograph matches the literary splendors within.

This is not a book for a general reader seeking linear plots, clear morals, social realism. *Invisible Cities* is a volume for lovers of hypothesis, mannerism, conundrum and fantasy.

Albert H. Carter, III

ALBERT H. CARTER, III, *who teaches comparative literature at Eckerd College, wrote his dissertation on fantasy in Calvino's work.*

Fine Print

Potpourri

Doris Grumbach

Left at the bottom of the 1974 basket: Running solidly against the current, the University of Chicago Press writes to inform me that it is starting a new quarterly, **Critical Inquiry.** Directed to criticism in the arts—literature, music and the visual arts—it is an effort *(another?)* to create "a voice for reasoned responsible discourse in the arts and humanities." Three faculty members at the university are its editors. The first two issues are now available by subscription from the University Press. I have not seen either of the issues but I mention to you, as sign of their sprightliness, that the first issue contains an article by Wayne Booth on Kenneth Burke's "Way of Knowing," and then a response by the illustrious Burke called "Dancing with Tears in my Eyes."

The Fiction Collective about which I wrote at length recently (*TNR*, Dec. 7) asks me to correct a figure. Their first printing for each book is *not* 500 copies as I reported but 2000 (500 hardcover, 1500 paper). They add that a second printing of 2500 for each book has just been distributed. "The 500 figure may make us appear smaller than we are," they complained.

Addendum to Israel Shenker's *New Republic* piece (April 13, 1974), **"On Zieglerrata."** It was announced last week that awards have been made by The Committee on Public Doublespeak, set up by the National Council of Teachers of English to fight obfuscation by public officials, candidates for public office, commentators, in fact everyone who uses the mass media to communicate with the public. The committee has honored Ron Zeigler, among others, for a prime piece of syntactical obscurity uttered when he was White House press secretary, on the subject of the safeguarding of Watergate tapes. In case you missed the award-winning sentence I reprint it in its entirety:

> *I would feel that most of the conversations that took place in those areas of the White House that did have the recording system would, in almost their entirety, be in existence, but the special prosecutor, the court, and, I think, the American people are sufficiently familiar with the record-*

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ing system to know where the recording devices existed and to know the situation in terms of the recording process, but I feel, although the process has not been undertaken yet in preparation of the material to abide by the court decision, really, what the answer to that question is.

The competition for the award was keen. Another winner was Col. David H. Opfer, former air attaché at the US Embassy in Cambodia for his immortal reproof to reporters there: "You always write it's bombing, bombing, bombing. It's not bombing. It's air support."

New Year's Resolution

Well, I did it again, bringing in
that infant Purity across the land,
welcoming Innocence with gin
in New York, waiting up
to help Chicago,
Denver, L.A., Fairbanks, Hon-
olulu—and now
the high school bands are alienating
Dallas,
and girls in gold and tangerine
have lost all touch with Pasadena,
and young men with biceps and
missing teeth
are dreaming of personal fouls,
and it's all beginning again, just like
those other Januaries in
instant replay . . .

But I've had enough
of turning to look back, the old
post-morteming of defeat:
people I loved but didn't touch,
friends I haven't seen for years,
strangers who smiled but didn't
speak—failures,
failures. No,
I refuse to leave it at that—because
somewhere, off camera,
January is coming like Venus
up from the murk of December, re-
virginized, as innocent
of loss as any dawn. Resolved:
this year
I'm going to break my losing streak,
I'm going to stay alert, reach out,
speak when not spoken to,
read the minds of people in the streets,
I'm going to practice every day,
stay in training, and be moderate
in all things.
All things but love.

PHILIP APPLEMAN

PHILIP APPLEMAN *is a poet who teaches at Indiana University.*

What's selling now? The ultimate in nihilistic publishing. A volume called **The Nothing Book** (subtitle: "Wanna Make Something of It?"), issued by Harmony House in July of this year. It costs $3 cloth. What's in it? Absolutely nothing but blank paper. The publisher says: "We have taken 160 sheets of fine paper and bound them in a beautiful simulated leather binding." Has it done well? Better than most books with print on their pages; it has sold 100,000 copies.

But there is further word that Harmony is being sued by a Belgian journalist who published a similar blank book called *The Memoirs of an Amnesiac* in 1972 and now castigates *The Nothing Book* for being "a shameless plagiarism of its European competitor." Nothing, as I recall from fourth-grade arithmetic, when divided by anything is nothing. And similarly, it must be true that nothing divided by nothing produces more of the same: very profitable mindlessness.

Combination: Seventy-six-year-old Grosset & Dunlap "has been acquired" by Filmways, Inc., a Los Angeles-based company that operates in such fields as TV, motion picture production, magazine publishing and distribution, "among its other enterprises." *Big is Beautiful* is a slogan that continues to be heard in the land . . . On the other hand my colleagues at the small *Commonweal*, the estimable lay-edited Catholic (and catholic) publication now in its 50th year, have told its friends and subscribers that it becomes a biweekly with its current issue.

There are all kinds of callings for the clergy, apparently, including service in the House of Representatives (Jesuit Father Drinan) and in the White House (Jesuit Father McLaughlin). Now Pocketbooks had put out the autobiography of Father Robert Perrella, known to Earl Wilson, the gossip columnist, and to Frank Sinatra (whose picture the publicity for the book contains, his arm around the smiling young priest) as "The Showbiz Priest." The publicity for **They Call Me the Showbiz Priest** goes on: "A Franciscan priest who has led one of the most spectacular religious lives of the last two decades . . . jetting from the Sands Hotel in Las Vegas to the Plaza in New York . . . off again to attend a celebrity wedding." Many celebrities are "seen through the eyes of this life-loving, gregarious SHOWBIZ PRIEST, stepping from behind the scenes for the first time, taking his bow." If St. Francis of Assisi (c.1182-1226), founder of the Order of Friars based upon Christ's teachings on poverty and charity, were alive, he'd be turning over in his grave to paraphrase the recent phrasemaker, Richard Nixon. It may be of some interest (and maybe not) to Father Bob that on the same page of the publisher's publicity sheet as his ad is one for *How to Eat Better for Less Money* ("wining and dining on a shoestring") and *The Swinger's Handbook* "the emotional and physical implications of swinging, and many other facets of group sex."

Novel Linking: Last month Chelsea House and the New York University Press became the first commercial and university press to publish a book jointly. It is, interestingly enough, a *trade* book on mountain climbing **(Mountain of Storms,** by Andrew Harvard and Todd Thompson; $15) telling of two expeditions to Dhaulagiri, one of the highest peaks in the Himalayas. The book is handsomely illustrated with photographs—some in color, and text that will remind you of the excitement of Maurice Herzog's *Annapurna*, a real finger-freezing, mind-numbing narrative about what it is like to assault a mountain. The next "first" in this new area of publishing marriages may, I postulate, come when Bantam (or maybe Pocketbooks) teams with Princeton University Press to bring out a new facsimile edition, fully annotated, of the Caxton *Chaucer*. *That* will be a wedding. In paper, maybe.

Coming in the January 4 & 11 Issue

Denis Donoghue
reviews the letters
of
Sean O'Casey

Kenneth Evett on
academic art

Roger Rosenblatt:
reconsideration of the
movie, *Gone with the Wind*

Naomi Burton Stone
on Thomas Merton

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Correspondence

The New Republic *welcomes communications in regard to subjects of current interest. Those of 300 words or less are most suitable for publication.*

Tax Relief Rejected

Sirs:

As a member of the House Ways and Means Committee I agree with your assessment ("Recovery and Taxation," *TNR*, Dec. 21) that the committee's Energy Tax and Individual Relief Act of 1974 would have provided some badly needed tax relief for low and middle income wage earners at a time when they are hard hit by current economic conditions. The "take-it-all-or-nothing-boys" will never know how difficult a task it was to accomplish.

I was deeply disappointed when the House Rules Committee voted on December 12 not to grant the bill a rule, thus blocking it from going to the House floor. This action has apparently killed any and all tax reform until next year. I am more than a little concerned that many in the House are willing to wait until next year when they think the new Congress will pass a much stronger tax reform bill. The more than two billion dollars in tax relief granted to 40 million taxpayers by this bill and the major move the bill makes toward elimination of the percentage oil depletion allowance were badly needed this year. By not acting on this bill, the Congress is telling the oil industry it can keep all the excess profits it gouged out of the American consumer in 1974, and it is telling those inflation-weary consumers they can wait another year for tax relief. It also signals to the other oil consuming as well as the producing nations that they better take their "bite" before we take ours. The OPEC countries have already taken theirs—a second time. I wonder if there will be anything left to take when next year arrives. And don't forget—no bill will be passed by Congress prior to July or August!

I have not always been happy with legislation approved by the Ways and Means Committee, but I do believe this bill was one that congressional liberals should have supported, unless there were reasons other than those given and that's not an impossibility. The theory that no loophole, however major, should be closed until all are closed, is supremely naive if not stupid.

Rep. Joseph E. Karth (Minn.)
Washington, DC

IRA Bad Press

Sirs:

Benjamin Welles' article "IRA Terrorism: No End in Sight" (*TNR*, Dec. 7) is replete with the usual half-truths and innuendoes that are the stock in trade of writers dealing with the IRA . . . In the first paragraph he ascribes, by implication, the Birmingham Pub bombings to the IRA. Perhaps I am wrong but my reading of the papers through today (Dec. 8) did not take notice of any claim by either the British authorities or the IRA (official or provisional) that the bombings were the work of the IRA. Whereas an indigenous English group (Red Brigade 74, I believe) has claimed the bombings as their own. . . . His third paragraph states that the IRA, "a few hundred Irish Catholic fanatics," want "to cow one million Protestants. . . ." There are at least a few atheists, agnostics, Protestants in the IRA. For your information the Catholic church has been leading the anti-IRA band for years.

What hard evidence has he that the money collected by any group here in the States went for other than relief funds? It appears one of his sources is the Department of Justice. I am not aware that Justice has published these figures. Perhaps Mr. Welles is an apparatchik of their Cointelpro organization, or does he have access to a friendly voice in the British Embassy? . . .

In his seventh paragraph Welles almost strikes at the heart of the problem, yet again he obfuscates the issue. It is a "working class war" but not Catholic worker versus Protestant worker. It is the working class against the ruling class. The American reader who has not lived for any length of time in the British Isles ought to be aware that there is a vast gulf between the working class and the rest "over there." That it is a class war is the position, I believe, of both the official and provisional IRA.

I am an Irish Republican who does not support any military campaign with an objective of nonmilitary targets (Hiroshima, Dresden, My Lai). I have been a participant in and a student of the Irish problem for 20 years and am not quite sure whether I am part of the problem or part of the solution. The situation in Ireland is complex in the extreme. I demand that those who set themselves up as knowledgeable commentators, if they do not limit their errors, at least engage in more objective language disdaining the use of pejorative names and clichés for all sides. The Minutemen were clearly—"terrorist."

Robert D. FitzSimon
Washington, DC

In reply:

Several dozen reasons for imputing the Birmingham bombings to the IRA come swiftly to mind, among which four, at least, stand out: six Irish nationals, natives of Belfast, were arrested by the British police within 48 hours while seeking to board the Holyhead ferry for Belfast and all had traces of explosives on their persons or clothes. The bombings followed refusal by the British authorities to permit IRA marches on behalf of an IRA man who had blown himself up preparing a bomb. Soon after the Birmingham bombings the House of Commons passed tough new laws aimed not at all "terrorist" organizations, but specifically at the IRA. Finally David O'Connell and other IRA leaders have repeatedly warned in public that they intend to carry the "war" into Great Britain itself.

The claim that the IRA comprises "Protestants" might have been true once but is scarcely credible today, especially to someone like myself who has just interviewed IRA and Protestant leaders in Ulster. Mr. FitzSimon says he is unaware that the Department of Justice has "published" figures showing that relief funds have been diverted to arms buying. This is public information which he can check for himself. For instance: from August 5, 1971 to January 10, 1972, $128,099 was sent—and reported to the Justice Department—to Joseph Cahill in Dublin. Mr. Cahill is serving three years in an Irish (not British) prison for arms running.

I dispute no one's right to defend the IRA, provided it be factual. Mr. FitzSimon might, however, ponder the words of the foreign minister of Ireland, Dr. Garret Fitzgerald who, speaking recently in the US, has publicly condemned the IRA as "one of the primary sources of violence in Northern Ireland."

BenjaminWelles

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Palestine Demography

Sirs:

TRB from Washington is knowledgeable and on sure ground. TRB from Beirut (Dec. 7) is uninformed and out of his element. "To make a homeland for Jews," he writes, "Palestinians were ousted, and now they want back."

Not at all. Palestine had a Jewish population continuously over the centuries. When Jewish settlers came in larger numbers after World War I, they bought land—often at outrageous prices, usually from absentee landlords, much of it uninhabited because it was too arid, or too rocky, or too swampy.

It was the Jews who turned it into a land of milk and honey; one result was that Arabs from the economically stagnant surrounding states began to immigrate in large numbers into Palestine. When the UN voted in 1947 to set up two states—one Jewish, one Arab—in the 20 per cent of Palestine that remained (80 per cent of the mandate territory having been turned over in 1922 to the Emir Feisal, who named it Trans-Jordan), the Jews accepted and established the State of Israel. The Arab answer was to invade the newborn Jewish state with the regular armies of Egypt, Iraq, Lebanon, Syria and Trans-Jordan.

Far from "ousting" any Palestinian Arabs, Israel implored them to stay. About 140,000 Arabs did remain; today they enjoy the highest standard of living and the most comprehensive civil rights and civil liberties of any Arabs in the Middle East.

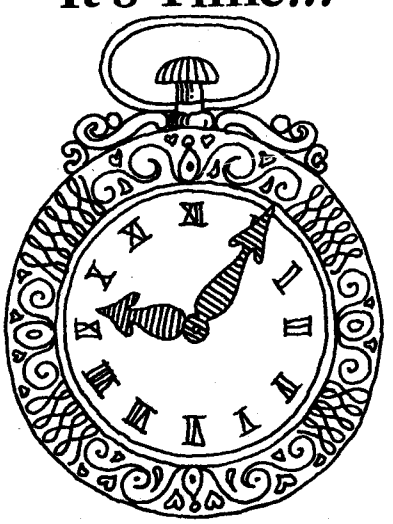
But many more chose to heed the call of the Arab radio to clear the battlefield for the invading Arab armies and thus speed the day of Israel's annihilation. Many also left by their own decision to get out of the way of the war. But the cause of the war was the Arab invasion and the choice to leave was made by the Arabs themselves. The fiction that Arabs were "ousted" emerges not from the history of that time but from the exertions of Arab propagandists in the years since.

TRB then seeks to disarm the reader with the observation, "Why do they all hate each other, wonders the naive American." *The New Republic* deserves better than naiveté from TRB. "They" don't all "hate each other." The Jews don't hate the Arabs and don't plot the destruction of the Arab people. They want a state of their own in which to live in peace. The Arabs do hate the Jews and find the presence of Israel in their midst anathema.

This is the key to war or peace in the Middle East. It's a pity TRB permitted the Arabian Nights figures he saw in the middle of Beirut traffic to distort his vision.

Arthur Hertzberg
President
American Jewish Congress

It's Time...



March of Dimes Time.

Kauffmann, *from page 20*

an existential weight?—that it could not otherwise have, far beyond any analysis it could stand in logic. All this is furthered by Geoffrey Unsworth's really responsive photography. Every face is made the most of, and there are some fine faces. Even the sound track is enjoyable, with the sharp crackle of everything from paper to consonants.

I am surely no Sidney Lumet fan and never less so than when he dogs the serious *(e.g., Long Day's Journey into Night)*, but his cleverness works well in some kinds of entertainment, and in thrillers he is at his most clever *(Fail-Safe, The Deadly Affair)*. He has never been cleverer than in *Orient Express*. He has to deal with a prologue, five years before the main action, in which some facts must be put across—the account of an internationally publicized baby kidnapping, obviously meant to suggest the Lindbergh horror. With the help of Anne V. Coates' editing, Lumet makes it painless and crystal clear, flicking back and forth from action to newspaper photos. Then we cut to the Istanbul ferry, Asian side, five years later, and Lumet shoehorns us into the change of place and pace with a short vivid establishing shot and the choreography of a lot of extras. On the train itself his use of the camera is really adroit. Any sense of cramp in the confined space is by design and is helpful: we are penned up in there, in the snow-stalled train, with 12 people suspected of murder. Note, for one instance of skill, the semi-circle that Lumet describes slowly, with Poirot in the center, as the detective starts the long final sequence in front of all the suspects, announcing that he has solved the mystery.

Albert Finney, ingeniously made up and padded, is Poirot. I once saw Charles Laughton as Poirot on Broadway, directed by himself, and though that was 42 years ago, Finney started at a disadvantage. He got better as he went because, as he went, he had more to do. Although Poirot is present early, he doesn't really get cracking for some time. Then so does Finney. As for the other stars, only Lauren Bacall is n.g. It's a mistake to cast an annoying personality in an annoying role. On the other hand, even Anthony Perkins, in one of his nervous-tic parts, supplies one excellent touch—a gesture of both hands when he confesses to youthful ambitions as an actor. I can't cite them all, but all the rest are highly pleasurable. I'll mention only that Wendy Hiller and Ingrid Bergman play parts quite unlike any you have seen them in, and do them well.

The frippery *Orient Express* is a better film than the fact-facing *Woman under the Influence*. Not just more entertaining, a better film.

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